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# **K-PAX**

Screenplay

By

Charles Leavitt

(Based on the novel "K-PAX" by Gene Brewer)

Shooting Draft  
White  
October 24, 2000



New immigrant families stand in ticket lines next to body-pierced teens. Dozens of languages fly through the air, none of them English. This is the crossroads of the world for the down and out, hard luck and New York on 5 dollars a day crowd.

Witness to it all is a grey-bearded BLACK HOMELESS VETERAN who sits with his prosthetic leg parked beside him.

VET  
Dollar fo' a homeless vet. Help out  
a homeless vet.  
(as a student with a  
duffel bag hurries past)  
C'mon, li'l man - I fought the war  
with your Daddy. P'nam Pen. Y'all  
ain't paid me for this leg yet!

A young, SWEDISH COUPLE with backpacks catch his eye.

VET (CONT'D)  
Yo, Swiss Miss - let's see that smile!  
How 'bout you Fritz? I know y'all got  
a wallet in that backpack.  
Freeloadin' mother-  
(stops midword, as an  
Asian family with many  
bundles passes by)  
Heyyy - Jackie Chan! Shanghai Noon!  
I take traveler's checks. Yeah,  
arrigato to you, too!

He pauses for a moment, with a curious expression, as someone else catches his eye ...

A BEAM OF HAZY SUNLIGHT shines down through one of the high arched windows of the terminal building ...

onto a MAN. Or an apparition.

The VET squints, closely ...

as the FIGURE seems to emerge from the sunlight. Dark, wraparound SUNGLASSES mark his placid face. He wears corduroy pants, a faded denim shirt. And though he carries no luggage, his cheap canvas shoes look like they've got some miles on them.

We will come to know this "man" as PROT. For now, he just stands there, taking everything in with the fascination of a tourist, as the crowd bustles around him.

Suddenly - in front of the rest rooms -

TWO YOUNG THUGS bump into a middle-aged RUSSIAN WOMAN. One wrenching her SUITCASE away - the other knocking her down.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED:

1

As she screams for help, they run off -

shoving past PROT and into the crowd. Prot watches them for a moment ... as if unsure whether to register anger or caution. Then, he turns to the woman.

She is on the ground, dazed and sobbing, while everyone steps quickly around her.

Prot approaches her. The vet keeping a careful eye on him.

Prot stops, standing over the woman. She looks up at his dark glasses, stocky shoulders, fearfully. But as he holds his hand out, and offers a smile ... her fear is strangely allayed.

PROT  
Here, let me help you.

The CRACKLE of WALKIE-TALKIES interrupt, as two TRANSIT COPS hurry over.

1ST OFFICER  
Hold it right there!

VET  
Oh, man - he ain't done nothin'.

The OFFICERS nevertheless regard Prot with suspicion.

1ST OFFICER  
Step away from her.

PROT  
This woman is hurt.

2ND OFFICER  
Ma'am, what happened?

The woman struggles with limited English.

WOMAN  
Eh - take bag ... eh - hit.

2ND OFFICER  
Who took your bag and hit you? This man?

The vet shakes his head at the cops, sorrily.

VET  
No, no. Couple a punks. They ran ran off. Y'always comin' around too late - askin' what? Where? How? This brother just tryin' to help her.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

WOMAN

(one eye on Prot, trying  
to explain, unable to)  
Yes - he - he - he.

The 1st officer speaks into his radio:

1ST OFFICER

Four-eight, this is Romano. Robbery  
and assault victim with facial wound  
at West Forty-Second entrance.

(then, to Prot)

Sir, I'd like you to just stand right  
there, answer a couple of questions  
for me. Standard procedure.

The 2nd officer carefully handcuffs Prot. Prot gives both  
officers a curious smile, as if discerning a foreign custom.

PROT

Of course.

1ST OFFICER

Are you travelling somewhere?

PROT

I've arrived. My travels are over for  
the time being.

1ST OFFICER

Where's your luggage?

PROT

Luggage?

1ST OFFICER

Your bags.

PROT

I don't require luggage.

The officer takes a good, hard look at Prot. His sunglasses,  
canvas low-tops, general appearance. Outside, an ambulance  
pulls up with a whoop. An M.T. enters the station, starts  
tending to the woman.

1ST OFFICER

(pressing Prot)

Do you have a ticket?

(off Prot's look)

A train ticket. A ticket stub.

PROT

I didn't arrive by train.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

1ST OFFICER

Then, what are you doing in the train station, sir?

PROT

It seems a likely place to begin.

The officers glance at each other, this is beginning to sound familiar.

VET

Name! Rank! Serial number! All you got to give 'em, my man!

1ST OFFICER

Freddy, chill.

(back to Prot)

Would you remove your sunglasses for me, please?

PROT

I'd rather not. Of course, they warned me about the photokinetic energy from star G-643, or as you would call it, the sun, but, I mean, wow! Your planet is really bright!

A wry understanding moves across both officers' faces.

1ST OFFICER

I see ...

(into his radio)

West Forty-Two. We have an E.D.P.

2ND OFFICER

(to Prot, politely)

I'm going to ask you to come with us.

PROT

(polite in return)

Certainly.

As Prot is led away, the VET straps on his leg and gets himself up. For some strange reason he feels an affinity with Prot.

A2 EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

A2

As Prot is led outside. His dark glasses take in the noisy chaos of New York, with amazement.

The VET hobbles out the doors, as PROT is placed in a POLICE CAR. The 1st officer comes back over to the vet.

1ST OFFICER

You see this fella come out of a gate?

CONTINUED

A2 CONTINUED:

A2

The vet leans closer, with import, to the officer:

VET  
Didn't come from no gate. Brother  
just ... came outta nowhere. You know  
what I'm sayin'?

CONTINUED

A2 CONTINUED: (2)

A2

The officer considers the vet a moment, smelling the alcohol on his breath.

1ST OFFICER  
Yeah, Freddy. I know what you're saying.

B2 EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY - QUICK CUTS:

B2

Steam. Metal sheet on road clatters as POLICE CAR speeds over it ... pan down through grill over bridge of POLICE CAR speeding underneath us.

POV from inside police car of metal lattice work on bridge strobing past.

The reflection of a skyscraper ... becomes a SYRINGE.

B2A EXT. MANHATTAN PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE (MPI) - DAY

B2A\*

Establish hospital. Powell walks to entrance.

\*

C2 INT. MANHATTAN PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE (MPI) - DAY

C2

LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW of DR. POWELL'S OFFICE onto the TRAFFIC on 112th and Amsterdam below. Horns honk, drivers cuss.

Superimpose: One Month Later

ERNIE (V.O.)  
I - I don't want to go outside ...  
Because, you know ... there's things  
... that can kill you.

2 INT. DR. POWELL'S OFFICE - SAME

2

DR. MARK POWELL, who has been staring out his window, closes it, shutting out the noisy world.

ERNIE sits in a comfortable chair. Pale, nervous, he wears rubber gloves and speaks through a surgical mask.

ERNIE  
(relieved)  
Thank you. I mean you breathe all those chemicals out there. Not to mention the cosmic rays and that - that West Nile virus - and the other one! The new airborne pigeon disease nobody wants to talk about!

CONTINUED



2 CONTINUED:

2

POWELL, late-forties, takes his seat. He rolls a gold Montblanc pen in his fingers as he listens to Ernie covering his tedium with the studied patience of a man who's been at his job a long time. Perhaps, too long.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED:

2

POWELL

Pigeon disease - I've heard of that.

ERNIE

And - and another thing that's been bothering me - is the food. The cafeteria serves lukewarm food - full of germs! You need to do something about that, Doctor Powell. Heat is the only thing that kills the germs. Heat!

POWELL

Point taken.

(pretends to seriously jot it down on his pad)

We'll look into that right away. In the meantime - I want you to start taking your medication again.

(reminding him)

It's liquid now, so you can't choke on it. It'll help you sleep. And you need to sleep, Ernie. Sleep is good.

Ernie shakes his head vehemently.

ERNIE

Sleep!? You - you - you know what happens when you sleep? You can swallow your tongue - or - or fall out of bed, break your neck.

(slumps in the chair, a hopeless knot of worry)

Or ... or burst a blood vessel in your head. Never even wake up ...

Powell's BEEPER goes off, much to his relief. He glances at the clock on the wall, presses a buzzer by his chair.

ERNIE

Is ... is our time up?

Powell addresses the fear on Ernie's face with a rushed smile.

POWELL

Only for today, Ernie.

He barely waits for the attendant, SIMMS, to come in and escort Ernie out, before speaking into a hand held RECORDER:

POWELL (CONT'D)

Patient one-five-six, Ernie Coleman. Suggest slightly increased dosage of anafronil.

3 INT. POWELL'S OUTER OFFICE - IN A MINUTE

3

As Powell gets his jacket from the coat rack.

JOYCE TREXLER sits at her computer. Pictures of her husband, a policeman, and her grown children grace her desk. As well as a knit affirmation that reads: "There is a Rest of Your Life." She keeps her eyes on her screen, her voice pleasant:

MRS. TREXLER

Two calls. Your wife, bring home a bottle of wine. And Doctor Chakraborty - transfer from Bellevue he wants you to take a look at.

Joyce hands him a file.

POWELL

Great. Who is it this time, Jesus or Joan of Arc?

Mrs. Trexler just raises an eyebrow to him. After fifteen years as his secretary, she's used to the sarcasm.

MRS. TREXLER

Doctor Chakraborty didn't say.

4 INT. MANHATTAN PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN FLOOR

4

Powell navigates through NURSES, SOCIAL WORKERS, POLICE transferring homeless psychotics...

Head Nurse BETTY MCALLISTER, an unflappable woman, blocks his path with a clipboard. Beside her, two ATTENDANTS hold a disheveled SCREAMING MAN.

MCALLISTER

Can you admit this patient, Doctor Powell? They found him on the West Side Highway. Auditioning to be somebody's hood ornament.

POWELL

Why is he screaming?

MCALLISTER

He thinks if he stops the world will end.

POWELL

Not before Saturday night. I have Knicks tickets.

McAllister gives him a wry eye, as he signs the admitting paper. Just as he's about to escape, she hands him a second clipboard.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

POWELL

When he calms down I want to sit down  
and talk to him.

MCALLISTER

And this is to boost Mrs. Archer's  
Zoloft.

POWELL

I don't want to boost Mrs. Archer's  
Zoloft. I want Mrs. Archer to get out  
and get some exercise.

MCALLISTER

With who -- her personal trainer?  
C'mon, Doc. I'm short-handed here.

Powell looks at the clipboard. Reluctantly writes the  
prescription. As yet another clipboard is slipped to him.

MCALLISTER

Ed. Haldol. He bit Navarro's thumb  
off, yesterday!

POWELL

I know, Betty. But Haldol's not going  
to curb his appetite.

He hands her back her clipboard, leaves her with a wink.

POWELL

Maybe we should all start screaming.

CUT TO:

A5 EXT. MANHATTAN PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE (MPI) - DAY

A5 \*

Powell enters hospital.

\*

5 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

5

Powell releases a harried breath against the closed door -  
then notices he shares the elevator with an ATTENDANT and a  
PATIENT. The patient, SAL, a big, puggish, middle-aged bald  
man gives Powell an evil eye.

SAL

You stink!

As the attendant waits with Sal, Powell obliges him with a  
brief smile. As he exits, saying:

POWELL

Have a nice day, Sal.

A6 INT. MANHATTAN PSYCHIATRIC - HALLWAY

A6

Powell moves past a ONE-WAY GLASS. Sees Prot in his room for observaton, apparently looking at himself in the glass. Something about Prot -- perhaps simply his arresting appearance -- stops Powell. He stops to look at him. It is as if Prot is looking directly at him.

\*  
\*

Powell stops a puzzled beat. Prot smiles.

CUT TO:

6 INT. MPI - CLINIC - DAY

6

CLOSE ON several X-RAYS and MRI SCANS of a CRANIUM as they're snapped into place by DR. CHAKRABORTY, the chief Clinical Physician. Harvard School has not dulled his affable Indian accent. He turns as Powell enters.

POWELL

Did they change out the one-way glass  
in the observation room?

CHAKRABORTY

No. Why?

POWELL

Because there's a guy in there -- I  
could swear he was watching me.  
What's wrong with him?

CHAKRABORTY

He arrived at Bellevue a month ago,  
suspicion of hallucinogenic  
intoxication - but found negative for  
substances of any kind. Blood values,  
EKG - all normal. No sign of  
concussion, no brain tumor, no  
temporal lobe epilepsy - no indication  
of organic abnormality whatsoever.  
However, after one month, amnesia and  
delusion have persisted.

He looks over his bifocals.

\*

CHAKRABORTY

He claims to be...not human.  
(clarifying)  
A visitor from another planet.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Powell sits on a stool, studying the new transfer's FILE.

\*

POWELL

They administered thorazine on this  
guy for three weeks at 300 milligrams  
a day - and he was unresponsive.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

6

POWELL (CONT'D)  
(looks up at Chakraborty,  
skeptical)  
How the hell can you be unresponsive  
to 300 milligrams of thorazine? It's  
impossible.

Chakraborty looks over his bifocals, at Powell.

CHAKRABORTY  
That's why they've sent him to you.

Powell takes in Chakraborty's look for a moment. Then, with  
a frown, looks back down at the FILE.

POWELL  
Terrific. No I.D. No Missing Persons  
reports matching his description ...

Then, baffled, Powell lifts up from the file ... a sheet of  
notebook paper, handwritten in pencil, of the most astounding  
alien-looking HIEROGLYPHICS.

POWELL  
What the hell is this?

CHAKRABORTY  
He had it on him.

Powell can't help let out a wry chuckle.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

POWELL  
Let's hope extraterrestrials qualify  
for Medicaid.

A7 HALLWAY NEAR POWELL'S OFFICE

A7 \*

Navarro and Simms escort Prot to Powell's office.

\*

7 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

7

Powell speaks into his RECORDER. The file in front of him.

POWELL  
Patient two eight seven ...  
(checking the name)  
calls himself ... "Prot."

His door BUZZES. Powell leaves the RECORDER running, gets up from his desk. He straightens his tie, puts on a professional face.

POWELL (CONT'D)  
Come in.

Two attendants, NAVARRO and Simms escort ... PROT ... into the room. He wears the same denim shirt, corduroy pants and canvas shoes as we saw him in before.

He smiles, from behind his dark glasses, at Powell.

Navarro, a big, bearish Puerto Rican, reassures Powell with a nod, and a bandaged thumb's up.

NAVARRO  
This one's gentle as a pussycat, Doc.

Powell, nevertheless, keeps a careful eye on Prot, who remains standing ... as Navarro and Simms exit, closing the door.

Powell motions to one of two CHAIRS.

POWELL  
Won't you have a seat.

PROT  
Have a seat, curious expression.

As they both slowly sit, Powell probes Prot's sunglasses.

POWELL  
Is it ... too bright in here?

PROT  
Quite bright - one of the first things  
a visitor to your planet notices.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

POWELL  
Ah hah. Well, let me introduce  
myself. I'm -

CONTINUED



7 CONTINUED:

7

PROT  
Doctor Mark Powell. Chief of Clinical  
Psychiatry of the Manhattan  
Psychiatric Institute.

Powell regards him a moment, surprised.

POWELL  
Good. You know where you are.  
(has to check the file  
again)  
Now ... 'Prot' is it?

PROT  
(correcting him,  
pronouncing it like  
'goat')  
Prot.

POWELL  
I see. Well ... Prot. We're here to  
talk. I'm going to ask you some  
questions. If you feel like answering  
them, you may.  
(as genuinely as he can)  
I want you to feel comfortable.

Prot reaches for a bowl of FRUIT on the desk beside them.

PROT  
Thank you. May I?

Powell considers the request, a little wary.

POWELL  
Please.

Prot picks an APPLE, admiring it.

PROT  
*Red Delicious* you call this variety.  
My favorite.

Powell watches as Prot takes a bite with a rapturous sigh.

POWELL  
I'd like to begin by asking if you  
know why you're here?

PROT  
Of course. You think I'm crazy.

Powell stares, as Prot devours the apple, core and all.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

POWELL

We prefer to use the term 'ill.'  
(forcing a smile)  
Do you think you are ... ill?

PROT

A little homesick, perhaps.

POWELL

(careful)  
Really? And where is home?

From behind the dark wraparound glasses comes a celestial smile.

PROT

K-PAX.

POWELL

(studying him)  
Kay-packs?

PROT

Capital K- hyphen - capitals P-A-X.  
Roughly translated into your Roman  
alphabet.  
(starting in on another  
apple)  
K-PAX is a planet.

Powell contemplates the conviction with which this was just said. When Prot suddenly laughs:

PROT (CONT'D)

Don't worry - I'm not going to leap  
out of your chest!

POWELL

Oh, I'm not worried. It's just that  
I'm only familiar with nine planets.

PROT

(between bites)  
Actually, there are ten, but that  
doesn't matter - I'm not from your  
solar system. K-PAX is about a  
thousand of your light years from  
here. Near what you call your  
Constellation LYRA.

\*  
\*

POWELL

(raising an eyebrow)  
Quite a ways. I'm curious ... how did  
you get to Earth?

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

PROT  
That's somewhat difficult to explain.

POWELL  
Try me.

Prot pauses from eating, trying to think of how to put it.

PROT  
It's a matter of harnessing the energy  
of light.  
(sees Powell is not going  
to get it)  
I know that sounds - crazy - to you.  
You beings are eons away from  
discovering light travel.

Powell watches ... as Prot raises a hand so that his fingers  
touch the hazy SUNLIGHT filtering through the window blinds.

POWELL  
You travel at the speed of light?

PROT  
Oh, no. We can travel many times that  
speed, various multiples of  $c$ .  
(laughs)  
Otherwise, the trip here would have  
taken me about a thousand years, now  
wouldn't it have? \*

Powell tries to couch his puzzled amusement with seriousness.

POWELL  
What if I were to tell you - that  
according to a man who lived on our  
planet, named Einstein, nothing can  
travel faster than the speed of light.

Prot looks at Powell, with an astute smile.

PROT  
I would say you misunderstand  
Einstein, Doctor Powell - may I call  
you Mark?  
(getting chummy)  
What your Einstein said, Mark, was  
that nothing can accelerate to the  
speed of light because its mass would  
become infinite. Einstein said  
nothing about entities already  
traveling at the speed of light, or  
faster - at tachyon speeds.

Powell stares back at him, at a complete loss.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED: (4)

7

POWELL

Tachyon ...

PROT

Entities traveling faster than the  
speed of light are called tachyons.  
You can look it up.

POWELL

(getting a little peeved)

Thank you, I will.

Prot watches Powell jot down something with his Montblanc pen.

PROT

I detect a note of skepticism, Doctor  
Powell.

POWELL

Not at all. It's just that -- you  
speak English so well, I'm amazed.

PROT

It's not a very difficult language to  
learn. You should try speaking wxljgz-  
p!t.

Powell puts his pen down, even more amazed at the guttural  
clicks and sounds that just came out of Prot's mouth.

POWELL

I'm a little confused. Maybe you  
could explain to me, how it is -- as a  
visitor from space -- you look so much  
like me -- or any other Earth person?

PROT

(patiently)

Why is a soap bubble round?

POWELL

(perplexedly)

Why is a soap bubble round?

PROT

For an educated person, you repeat  
things quite a bit, Mark. A soap  
bubble is round because that is the  
most energy-efficient configuration.  
Similarly, on this planet I look like  
you -- on K-PAX, I look like a K-PAXian.

Powell has had just about enough of this.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED: (5)

7

POWELL  
One more question - Prot.  
(glancing at the clock)  
Why did you want to come to Earth?

PROT  
(finishing apple #2)  
Pure curiosity. I had never been to  
a Class BA-3 planet.

POWELL  
Class ... BA-3?

Prot regards Powell with a patient sigh.

PROT  
Early stage of evolution, future  
uncertain.

STAY ON POWELL, as he feigns a look of understanding.

7A OMITTED

7A \*

7AA OMITTED

7AA\*

A8 OMITTED

A8

A8A EXT. POWELL HOUSE - EVENING

A8A\*

Powell enters house.

\*

8 INT. POWELL'S HOME - SUBURBAN CONNECTICUT - EVENING

8

As Powell comes in, carrying a bottle of wine. He leaves his  
briefcase in the front hallway.

The house is well-to-do, art on the walls, a grand piano  
facing a woodsy patio.

Powell's daughters, NATALIE, 6, and GABBY, 9, sit trancelike  
in front of their PlayStation on a giant TV screen.

Powell scratches their heads, in greeting...

POWELL

Gabby, you do your homework?

Gabby nods, barely looking up. While Natalie presents her  
father with a grin, displaying a new gap in her teeth.

NATALIE

I lost another tooth.

CONTINUED

R8 CONTINUED:

R8

POWELL  
Good. Maybe the tooth fairy will come  
tonight.

He leaves her with that, and a little smile, heads on toward  
the kitchen. Natalie, watching him go.

NATALIE  
There is no tooth fairy. There's just  
you and Mom.

\*  
\*

\*

RA9 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

RA9

Powell carries the wine into the kitchen. Where RACHEL POWELL  
is busy taking the components of a reheated dinner from the  
oven, and placing it on the kitchen table which she has set  
for two. She is a vibrant woman, and it's clear she has taken  
pains with the meal.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL  
Kids already ate.

\*  
\*

She stops to kiss Powell. A deep, committed kiss.

\*

RACHEL  
How was your day?

\*  
\*

POWELL  
Train was late.

\*  
\*

He turns to the counter, rolls up his sleeves, goes about  
uncorking the wine.

\*  
\*

CONTINUED

RA9 CONTINUED:

RA9

POWELL  
Six-fifteen didn't leave the station  
until almost six-thirty.  
(pours two glasses,  
remarking to himself,  
with half amusement)  
Should've caught the nearest beam of  
light.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She finishes tossing the salad, regards him, curiously.

\*

RACHEL  
You caught what?

\*  
\*

POWELL  
Never mind.

\*  
\*

He places a glass of wine in front of her, with a smile. He's  
really filled it to the top.

\*  
\*

POWELL  
How was your day?

\*  
\*

She watches him gulp down half his glass of Pinot Blanc and  
turn his attention to the mail on the counter.

\*  
\*

RACHEL  
Well - I sent in the deposit for the  
house on the Cape for the last two  
weeks of August - which works out  
perfectly, since Gabby gets out of  
camp on the fifteenth -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Powell regards her a moment, at a loss.

\*

POWELL  
Sent in a deposit? Damn it, Rache,  
that wasn't a definite. We were just  
talking - I said maybe. Maybe some  
time in August looked clear.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A dispirited look crosses her pretty eyes ... as he turns back  
to the mail, finding the new Journal of Psychiatry in the  
stack.

\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL  
Maybe we should start paying you for  
your time. Do you have a family rate?

\*  
\*  
\*

POWELL  
Oh, look. They published my letter.

\*  
\*

RACHEL  
I had a talk with Natalie about being  
in the after school program next year,  
in case I go back to teaching.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUED



RA9 CONTINUED: (2)

RA9

RACHEL  
(then feeling like she's  
talking to herself)  
And ... this morning ... my head fell  
off, but I was able to sew it back on  
with dental floss. Waxed, of course. \*

Powell stops flipping through the journal, turns to her. \*

POWELL  
Dental floss? What? \*

(then, realizing,  
apologizing) \*

I'm sorry, honey - I wasn't listening. \*

She just takes a sip of wine. Hungry, having waited for him. \*

RACHEL  
I know. Come on, let's eat. \*

He sits down, brings the wine with him. Tries to make things  
good again with a smile and a sigh. \*

POWELL  
Train was late. I'm tired. And to  
top it off, the city's dumping  
patients on us ... \*

9 INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

9

Powell turns off the water, sits on the tub's edge, sleeve wet. Natalie, in the bubble bath, gives him the silent treatment.

As Powell tries to get her to look at him, he thinks a moment, laughs to himself, adopting a mock seriousness:

POWELL

Did you know ... that we live on a  
Class BA-3 planet?

Natalie finally meets his eyes, with a bewildered kid's brow.

NATALIE

Why are you talking crazy?

10 INT. WARD 2 - DAY ROOM - MORNING

10

CLOSE ON HOWIE, 30 years old, unkempt hair, thick wire-rim glasses covered with grime. He reads a dog-eared volume of the Time/Life Nature Library, eyes racing across the pages. Ernie sits with him at the same table.

About him, in the large DAY ROOM, we see the other charges of the ward. BESS, a skinny, dread-locked black woman with the saddest face, sits in front of the TV, watching a snowboarding segment. Russell is walking around with his bible. Sal sits alone coloring.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

Prot sits by himself, jotting notes into a GREEN NOTEBOOK.

\*

ERNIE

\*

Howie, I think you should talk to him.

\*

Go on -- Go on.

\*

Howie, who has been stealing glances at Prot, slides over to Prot and brings him the pencil sharpener. Prot looks at it and uses it to sharpen his pencil.

\*

\*

\*

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

HOWIE  
You're really from ...  
(points)  
...up there?

Prot turns his dark glasses to the ceiling, but really beyond it, then back to Howie, with a discerning smile.

PROT  
Indeed. I'm from K-PAX.

Howie presses him further.

HOWIE  
What ... what sort of place is it?

PROT  
Well ... K-PAX is somewhat bigger than  
your planet. It is ... a beautiful  
world, as is Earth of course, with its  
infinite color and variety of life ...  
and we are circled by seven purple  
moons.

Sal, nearby, overhearing, comments to himself as he walks to art room.

SAL  
Bullshit. Bull bull bull shit.

Ernie mutters the word "K-PAX" to himself, and again, trying it on for size.

Howie's thick glasses remain intent on Prot.

HOWIE  
Go on. Please go on.

Prot regards Howie's expectant face, obliging.

PROT  
Well ... K-PAX is especially lovely  
when K-MON and K-RIL are in  
conjunction. Those are our two suns,  
what you call AGAPE and SATORI -

Sal, with a laugh of derision, to himself:

SAL  
Man, whatever they got you on -- I  
want a dose.

HOWIE  
(repeating to himself, as  
if storing the  
information)  
Agape. Satori. Two suns.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Sal, still painting, makes a face at Prot as Prot heads to library for a book.

SAL  
Obiwan Loonobie.

Russell, who has been "preaching" as he paces.

RUSSELL  
Take heed...that no man deceiveth...  
for many shall come in my name...

Prot brings a book about astronomy to Howie.

Russell pauses from his babbling, looks toward Prot.

SAL  
(directed at Russell)  
Satan, Lord, Satan, Lord -- fire and  
hell, fire and hell. Satansatansatan!  
Stink! Stink! Stinkeroo!

Prot gives Howie book.

Howie, ignoring Sal, intent on Prot, points to the alien hieroglyphics.

HOWIE  
What's that? What language is that?  
K-PAX?

PROT  
K-PAXian, yes.

SAL  
Gotta know every little thing, don't  
you? Stink! Stink! STINK!

Now Ernie joins in.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Howie suddenly bolts for a BOOKSHELF. Flinging aside a World Atlas, he grabs an old Time/Life Book of Space, and starts rifling through it. Repeating "Agape ... Satori ..."

SAL

Don't mind him, he stinks, too. Gotta know everything.

Now, Ernie, who has been sitting fearfully on the far side of his bench, slides closer to Prot.

ERNIE

Does - does it rain there? On ... K ... K-PAX? Because I don't like rain.

PROT

We have very little water, compared to earth - no oceans, no rivers, very little precipitation at all.

ERNIE

(relieved)

That's good ... I don't like water. You can drown in water.

SAL

Scared to death. He'd shit at his own shadow.

ERNIE

I'm - I'm scared of death. That's why I'm here. I know that. At least I'm not a real -

(makes a 'cuckoo' sound)

- like - like you!

SAL

Yeah? You know how bad you smell?

PROT

Gentlemen, gentlemen.

His calm voice gets their attention.

PROT

I have been studying your planet. And I must say this form of communication you call "shouting" yields no results. It is a primitive behavioral trait left over from your forest dwelling ancestors. Most advanced beings in the Galaxy abandoned this type of behavior millions of years ago.

Sal and Ernie look at Prot, then each other. Suddenly feeling strangely ashamed.

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

ERNIE

Does - does it rain there? On ... K  
... K-PAX? Because I don't like rain.

Prot smiles at Ernie, seeing his fear.

PROT

We have very little water, compared to  
earth - no oceans, no rivers, very  
little precipitation at all.

ERNIE

(relieved)

That's good ... I don't like water.  
You can drown in water.

SAL

(to himself)

Scared to death. He'd shit at his own  
shadow.

ERNIE

I'm - I'm scared of death. I know  
what I am. That's why I'm here. At  
least I'm not a real -  
(makes a 'cuckoo' sound)  
- like - like you!

SAL

Yeah? You know how bad you smell?  
You smell.

Sal looks at the book. Prot gets up, walks over to put it  
back in the bookshelf. But stops by Sal.

PROT

(whispers in Sal's ear)

I have been studying your planet. And  
I must say this form of communication  
you call "shouting" is a primitive  
behavioral trait left over from your  
forest dwelling ancestors. Most  
advanced beings in the Galaxy  
abandoned this type of behavior  
millions of years ago as it yields no  
results.

His calm voice has made Sal's demeanor change. Suddenly, Sal  
is feeling strangely ashamed.

Prot goes to the TV room and watches Bess looking at TV.

Prot then sits in a chair outside the room and writes in his  
green book.

11 INT. WARD - NURSE'S STATION - SAME TIME

11

Powell wears a mild frown, judging Prot through the WINDOW.  
As Nurse McAllister prepares her morning MEDICATION CART.

MCALLISTER

I don't see any meds for two-eight-seven - Prot.

POWELL

I haven't concluded whether it's psychotic or psychogenic. So ... nothing for now.

MCALLISTER

(looks into the day room)  
He certainly has a way about him. Even up on 3 and 4 this morning, don't ask me how news spreads, everyone wants to meet the "alien patient."

Powell gives her a ridiculous look.

POWELL

Alien patient.

12 OMITTED

12

A13 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A13\*

DR. CLAUDIA VILLERS, Director of the Hospital, chairs a meeting of the senior staff, including Powell, Betty McAllister, Chakraborty and DR. WALTER FLEEN, as well as several RESIDENTS.

POWELL

...It just seems glib to call him a psychotic. That's a wastebasket diagnosis.

FLEEN

He thinks he comes from outer space. What do you think's wrong with him -- jet lag?

POWELL

How come he didn't respond to the Haldol?

VILLERS

Haldol can make you more psychotic. It's rare, but it happens.

FLEEN

I'd say try him on a newer, better agent.

CONTINUED



A13 CONTINUED:

A13

POWELL  
They've already tried Risperidal.

FLEEN  
Maybe Zyprexa.

POWELL  
We don't even have a history on him.  
Look, I'm not saying that medication  
can't be a useful tool to help someone  
like this, but --

FLEEN  
He might be a good subject for the  
betazine protocol. The drug is in a  
clinical trial here --

POWELL  
You want to experiment on him before  
we have a diagnosis.

FLEEN  
You have some better idea?

POWELL  
He's not a danger to anyone. How  
about getting to know him first?

FLEEN  
You know, Mark, I think on some level  
it pisses you off that it's become so  
easy to actually help people.

VILLERS  
The clinical trial requires consent,  
which means locating the patient's  
family.  
(gestures to files)  
How are we going to reach his family,  
Mark -- the Hubble telescope? In the  
meantime, we have ten new transfers to  
take care of this morning.

As everyone turns to a new file, Villers shoots Powell a look.  
As she turns to her file, Powell looks at her.

POWELL  
You know, Claudia, maybe what's wrong  
with him is that he is.

VILLERS  
Is what?

POWELL  
From the planet K-PAX.

CONTINUED

A13 CONTINUED: (2)

A13

Villers looks at Powell. The sly look in Powell's eyes betrays him. Villers laughs. Everyone laughs. Then Powell joins in.

CUT TO:

B13 EXT. MANHATTAN PSYCHIATRIC - PARKING LOT - EVENING

B13

(PREVIOUSLY SHOT AS SCENE 7AA)

Grey, brick institution behind wrought iron gates. Powell follows Villers to her car. \*

VILLERS  
I know that look, Mark.

POWELL  
Come on, Claudia. We don't even know what meds to feed him. He's not textbook amnesia, he's not textbook delusional - he's not textbook anything. \*

VILLERS  
I read the police report on him, E.D.P., possibly violent. \*

POWELL  
Oh, so now the police have credentials? \*

VILLERS  
I'm just being an administrator. I like it when things run smoothly, especially my hospital. I sleep better at night. \*

She gets into her car. Then looks back up at him. Lets out a breath. \*

VILLERS  
He better not be a problem. You watch him. \*

Powell smiles at her, shows his thumbs. \*

POWELL  
Don't worry. So far the only thing he's bitten into is an apple. \*

CUT TO: \*

C13 INT./EXT. THE 6:15 METRO NORTH - EVENING

C13

(PREVIOUSLY SHOT AS SC. A8)

\*

Powell, clutching his bottle of WINE in its paper bag, sits with the other COMMUTERS. Talking on CELL PHONES or absorbed with their PALM PILOTS...Nobody acknowledging another's existence...

CONTINUED

C13 CONTINUED:

C13

Powell looks out the train window ... Cars clogging the  
Bruckner Expressway ... Boarded-up high-rises in the Bronx ...  
Graffiti ... Giant lips on a dot-com billboard.

Powell looks at the GIRL beside him -- a sexy girl in her  
twenties, bopping to the loud music on her WALKMAN as she  
gazes out the window.

POWELL (V.O.)  
You know, I'd really like to kiss you.  
Let's face it, you have an  
unbelievable mouth...I know it seems  
unlikely, but what is sex, anyway?  
It's always a gamble. You know what  
they use to call the dice at the craps  
table? Bones. That's what sex is.  
A roll of the bones.

The girl can't hear him ... An elderly WOMAN sitting behind  
Powell leans forward to eavesdrop ...

POWELL (V.O.)  
Of course it would break my wife's  
heart and probably destroy what's left  
of my marriage. I'd just wind up  
feeling guilty and terrible.

Then Powell says out loud:

POWELL  
But I'd do it. Let's do it!  
(beat)  
Just to feel...something.

The girl turns. Looks at Powell. Lifts off her headphones.

GIRL  
What?

POWELL  
Nothing.

CUT TO:

13 OMITTED

13

A14 OMITTED  
AND  
14

A14  
AND  
14

A15 CONTINUED:

A15

POWELL  
What makes it unpleasant?

PROT  
(searching for just how  
to say it)  
It's a ... painful procedure.

CONTINUED

A15 CONTINUED:

POWELL  
(feigning seriousness)  
Is the pain associated with  
intercourse itself, with ejaculation,  
or with becoming aroused?

PROT  
It is associated with the entire  
process. I am aware these activities  
result in pleasurable sensations for  
you humans. But for us, the effect is  
quite the opposite. This applies for  
both the males and females of our  
species - and incidentally - for most  
other beings around the Galaxy.

POWELL  
Can you compare the effect to anything  
I might be able to understand - like  
a toothache, or - ?

PROT  
It's more like having your gonads  
caught in a vice, except we feel it  
all over. To make matters worse, the  
sensation is associated with something  
like your nausea, accompanied by a  
very bad smell. The moment of climax  
is like being kicked in the stomach  
and falling into a pool of mot shit.

Powell can't believe he's going along with this.

POWELL  
Mot shit.

PROT  
A mot is a being much like your skunk,  
only far more potent.

POWELL  
If the experience is so terrible, how  
do you reproduce?

PROT  
Like your porcupines. As carefully as  
possible. Needless to say,  
overpopulation is not a problem for us.

Prot laughs. Then, as Powell watches, incredulous, Prot pulls  
a pencil and a little RED NOTEBOOK from his shirt pocket and  
starts jotting a note of his own.

POWELL  
What - what are you doing?

CONTINUED

A15 CONTINUED: (2)

A15

PROT  
You have reminded me of something to  
include in my report.

POWELL  
Your - report?

PROT  
It's my custom to compile descriptions  
of the various places and beings I  
encounter throughout the galaxy.

Powell just sits there ... puts his own pen down.

15 INT. WARD 2 - MORNING

15

WE FOLLOW PROT, as he moves cheerfully through the ward. He  
greet's Nurse McAllister, who is readying her medication cart.

PROT  
Good morning, Betty!

MCALLISTER  
(with a look of surprise)  
Good morning ... Prot.

He moves on, greeting Navarro, who is escorting a BABBLING MAN.

PROT  
Good morning, Raul! Good morning,  
Mr. Friedman!

Navarro gives him a cautious look.

NAVARRO  
S'up.

Prot continues down the hallway, passing Maria, who wears a  
red dress today, her hair teased up.

PROT  
Good morning, Maria!

MARIA  
(sultry accent)  
I'm Vanessa.

Prot takes his notebook out, makes a curious note of this.  
Then heads into the DAY ROOM where Bess sits, with her blank  
expression, in front of the TV.

PROT  
Good morning, Bess!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

Bess remains staring at the TV. Prot waits, expecting her to  
reply. When she doesn't, he is not sure what to do.

\*  
\*

                  ERNIE  
She never talks to anybody. Afraid  
smoke'll come out of her mouth. Been  
here since she was a little girl.  
                  (eyes Bess)  
Shouldn't play with matches. Very  
dangerous.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

                  HOWIE  
                  (admonishing Ernie)  
It was an electrical fire. Don't make  
up stories.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Prot's dark glasses linger on Bess...as she remains oblivious.  
He gives her a polite smile, and continues on.

\*  
\*

CONTINUED



15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

SIMMS

Come on, Doris, you know you have to  
see the doctor. Look what I brought  
just for you! All we have to do is go  
see the doctor ...

\*  
\*

A HAND appears from the room, takes the cake, flings it at  
Simms.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

God damnit! Do that again and you go  
up to Three!

MRS. ARCHER (FROM ROOM)

Oh, poo, poo, poo!

Simms, wiping frosting from his face, sees Prot.

SIMMS

Never ever comes out of her room. Ran  
down Park Avenue naked as a jaybird  
when her husband left her. Poor  
S.O.B. I don't know how he put up  
with her.

\*

As Simms walk off, Prot, intrigued, moves closer to the room.

16 INT. MRS. ARCHER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

MRS. ARCHER, a once glamorous society belle, sits at a table  
next to her bed. She wears a bathrobe and sips tea from a  
plastic cup, as if it were fine china. With impatience, she  
rings a little silver bell.

Just as Prot peeks in her doorway.

MRS. ARCHER

The service here is atrocious!

PROT

Good morning, you are Mrs. Archer.  
Doris.

Mrs. Archer stares at him, his dark glasses, his smile.

MRS. ARCHER

You aren't the help ...  
(flustered, fixing her  
hair)

I wasn't expecting any gentleman  
callers until this afternoon.

In a state, she checks herself in a silver compact, adding  
some blush to her cheeks.

\*

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

PROT  
You have set a place for two...

Mrs. Archer looks back at her table straightening it, a little defensive.

MRS. ARCHER  
I'm expecting someone.

Prot regards her, strangely, looks around again, curious brow.

PROT  
Have you been waiting a long time?

Mrs. Archer remains staring at him. Then clears her throat, politely. Hiding a vulnerable hitch in her voice.

MRS. ARCHER  
Eleven years.  
(then, head high again)  
Some -- around here -- might call that  
crazy. I prefer...to call it romantic.

PROT  
Romantic...

MRS. ARCHER  
(sees his expression of  
unfamiliarity)  
Like a waltz in the moonlight? A  
candlelight dinner? A sunset?

Prot smiles.

PROT  
Ah, yes. On K-PAX, we have two suns.  
They rise together only once every two  
hundred years.  
(as if faraway a moment)  
Now that is a sight...

An enchanted smile cracks across Mrs. Archer's makeup. She pours him some tea in a plastic cup.

MRS. ARCHER  
Won't you...won't you sit down?

17 INT. CLINIC -- MORNING

17

Chakraborty, a strange look on his face, hands Prot's EYE CHART to Powell.

CHAKRABORTY  
He most definitely has a sensitivity  
to white light. But ...  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

CHAKRABORTY (CONT'D)  
it is his range I think you will find  
interesting.

Powell takes a disagreeably stiff sip of coffee, puts it down,  
taking the chart. Trying to decipher it.

POWELL  
What am I looking at?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

CHAKRABORTY  
(pointing to the numbers)  
He can detect light at a wavelength of  
three hundred to four hundred  
angstroms. Ultra-violet.

Powell looks at Chakraborty with some confusion. He peers at Chakraborty, hoping for some kind of explanation from him. Chakraborty hesitates:

CHAKRABORTY (CONT'D)  
Of course ... Prot's explanation is  
that ... due to his planet's peculiar  
quality of light caused by its two  
suns, K-PAXians are used to light  
conditions much like our twilight most  
of the time.

POWELL  
What the hell are you saying, Chak?  
I didn't think human beings could see  
ultra-violet light.

CHAKRABORTY  
They can't.

Powell, utterly bewildered, looks at Prot's eye CHART in his hand. He tries to think. He squints up - at the lights in Chak's office. It's bright in here.

A18 HALLWAY NEAR POWELL'S OFFICE

A18\*

Powell walks down hallway toward his office. Worker opening  
"mushroom lights" from boxes in hall.

\*  
\*

18 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

18

Powell, with an intent look, unscrews a light bulb from a lamp, replacing it with a dim NIGHT LIGHT BULB. He goes to his other lamp, does the same. Then he closes his window blinds. He looks around, satisfied. The room is dark ... like twilight.

Mrs. Trexler watches him, strangely, as she files in the OUTER OFFICE. She does not see Navarro leave Prot off at the door, behind her. Prot walks in, unescorted.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

18

PROT  
Good afternoon, Joyce. That is a  
lovely configuration you are wearing.

Mrs. Trexler whirls around, startled. After a moment, she  
allows herself to glance down at her frumpy sweater, skirt,  
Dr. Scholl's shoes.

MRS. TREXLER  
Thank you.  
(an uneasy smile)  
Macy's.

Powell comes out of his office, puts on a friendly face.

POWELL  
Come in, Prot, come in.

He exchanges a glance with Trexler, leading Prot into his  
office, closing the door.

She stands there a moment, then fixes her sweater.

19 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

19

Prot stands there, surprised at first by the dark lighting in  
the room. Then ... with a wide, pleasant sigh ...

As Powell observes him, intently ...

Prot reaches up and slowly removes his GLASSES.

PROT  
This is much better. A lot like home.

Powell peers, for the first time ... at Prot's EYES.

They shine in the dim light, very much human - yet - very much  
like some nocturnal animal. He plucks a papaya from the fruit  
basket and takes a bite, sitting down, comfortably.

As Powell remains staring ... Prot takes out his red notebook.

PROT  
I wonder if we might begin by my  
asking you a question.

POWELL  
Please.

PROT  
Bess. She does not speak. Why is  
that?

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED:

19

Powell takes a moment, interested by the question. Interested that Prot would ask it. Prot tilts his head, curiously, as if trying to understand. Powell decides to stay with this, sensing he may be onto something ...

POWELL

You see, on our planet ... sometimes things happen to people and they just shut down. But enough about Bess ...

Prot sits there a moment. He thinks about jotting something down in his notebook. But then, just closes it, tucks it away.

Powell moves over to his window, peeks out the blinds at the snarl of traffic on Amsterdam Avenue, people hustling here and there. He brings an eye back to Prot.

POWELL

I wonder if you might tell me more about your home?

PROT

What would you like to know?

POWELL

Well ... did you have a job on K-PAX?

PROT

(finding this funny)

No one has a "job" on K-PAX. Really, Mark, is it that difficult to understand? On K-PAX, if something needs to be done, you do it.

POWELL

There must be jobs people don't want to do. Hard labor, cleaning public toilets? I mean, that's only human nature.

PROT

There are no humans on K-PAX.

POWELL

Ah, I forgot.

PROT

Besides, there's nothing that needs to be done that is really unpleasant. Look, you defecate, don't you?

Powell gives him a ridiculous look.

POWELL

Not as often as I'd like.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

PROT  
Do you find it unpleasant?

POWELL  
(finding this even more  
ridiculous)  
Sometimes.

PROT  
Do you get someone to do it for you?

POWELL  
I would if I could.

PROT  
But you don't, and you don't think  
twice about it. You just do it. And  
it does have its rewards, right?

Powell resists the temptation to laugh.

POWELL  
Okay, look, let's move on. Do you  
have family on K-PAX?

CONTINUED

:

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

Prot finishes the papaya, licks his fingers. Sensing Powell is up to something.

\*  
\*

PROT

Things are not the same on K-PAX as they are on Earth, Mark. We don't have "families" as you know them. The idea of a 'family' would be a non sequitur on our planet - and most others, I might add.

POWELL

(tries to see past the smile)

Are you saying that ... as a child, you had no home to go to?

PROT

Exactly, now you've got it.

POWELL

In other words, you never knew your parents.

PROT

On K-PAX, children are not raised by their biological parents, but by everyone. They circulate among us, learning from one, then another ...

POWELL

(pressing him)

What about brothers and sisters?

PROT

No one on K-PAX has more than one child. There is little reason to, since the average lifespan of a K-PAXian is a thousand of your years.

POWELL

Do you have a child?

PROT

(quickly)

No.

POWELL

Do you have a wife waiting for you back on K-PAX?

Prot releases a tedious breath, as if not caring for the direction of this conversation.

CONTINUED



19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

PROT

Mark, Mark, Mark. You haven't been listening. We don't have *marriage* on K-PAX - no husbands, no wives, no families - get it? To put it more correctly, the entire population is one big family.

POWELL

I see. What about a societal structure then? "Government?"

PROT

There is no need for one.

POWELL

What about laws?

PROT

No laws, no lawyers.

POWELL

Well then how does one know what's right and wrong on K-PAX?

PROT

(as if this were a stupid question)  
Every being knows what's right and wrong.

\*

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (5)

19

POWELL

But what if someone did do something  
wrong? Committed a murder? Rape?

\*  
\*

PROT

Let me tell you something, Marko.  
Most humans subscribe to the policy of  
"an eye for an eye," "a life for a  
life." Most of your religions are  
famous for this formula, known  
throughout the Universe for its  
stupidity. Your Christ and your  
Buddha had a different vision, but  
nobody paid any attention to them, not  
even the Christians and Buddhists.  
So, no. On K-PAX beings do not kill  
other beings, but if they did there'd  
be no punishment. Apparantly this is  
impossible for Earth beings to  
understand, but it's the secret of  
life, believe me.

\*  
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\*

POWELL

No crime, brutality, violence on K-PAX?

\*  
\*

PROT

You humans. Sometimes it's hard to  
imagine how you've made it this far.  
Crime is less popular than sex, even.  
There's simply no need for it.

\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (5)

19

Powell remains staring at Prot ... feeling the thread of reality slipping away again ...

20 EXT. POWELL BACKYARD - CONNECTICUT - MEMORIAL DAY

20

CHICKEN, HOT DOGS AND CORN SIZZLING ON AN OUTDOOR GRILL.

A swing hangs from a giant spruce. Natalie and Gabby are being chased by their cousin, JOSH, 10, around the big yard.

Powell, lost in thought, watches over the grill. As Rachel comes up, snaps her fingers in front of his face, playfully. Then gives him a kiss.

RACHEL

Where were you just now?

Powell just gives her a frustrating smile, and puts the corn on a platter, handing it to her.

RACHEL

Kids! Wash up!

Powell knocks back his glass of wine, leaves it by the grill. And follows her across the yard, with a second platter heaped with hot dogs and chicken -

almost tripping over SHASTA, a golden retriever, who is being chased under the back porch.

POWELL

Josh, don't tease the dog!

He sets the platter down on a PATIO TABLE - at which sit his sister ABBY, late-thirties, and her husband, STEVE, a burly, bearded fellow.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Here we are.

Napkins are opened, and hungry "Ooohs" evoked. The kids join them at the table. As they all sit down and start eating, Abby and Rachel eye each other, before Abby addresses her brother.

ABBY

I'm not taking sides here but we're going to kidnap you to get you up to the Cape.

POWELL

(to Abby, but with a smile to Rachel)

I see my wife has been talking.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

Rachel gives him a mischievous little smile back.

POWELL  
(changing the subject)  
Steve, how was the drive from  
Princeton?

Steve wipes corn off his mouth, his voice a friendly Tennessee drawl.

STEVE  
Not too bad.

ABBY  
We stopped off to see Michael.

Powell meets Abby's eyes. There is tension between brother and sister.

POWELL  
That was nice of you. Quite a detour.

ABBY  
It was his birthday.

POWELL  
I know it was his birthday. I sent  
him a card with a nice, big check. As  
usual.

Abby exchanges a glance with Rachel, who stays out of it. Abby looks back at her brother, lets a beat pass, can't help herself:

ABBY  
You know, it wouldn't kill you to pick  
up a phone once in a while and talk to  
your own son.

Powell catches a look from his two young daughters.

POWELL  
Thank you, Abby. By the way, I put  
him through Dartmouth - he knows how  
to pick up a phone, too.

RACHEL  
(trying to diffuse things)  
I was thinking of inviting him for  
Christmas.

POWELL  
He goes to his mother's for Christmas.  
He won't come here.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

ABBY

How do you know? When was the last  
time you asked him?

POWELL

Am I on the couch, here, sis?

Abby says no more. And Powell does not give her the  
satisfaction of taking this any further. They continue  
eating. After a moment, Powell turns to Steve, thoughtfully.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Steve, I have an unusual favor to ask.

STEVE

What can I do you for, Doctor B.

POWELL

Well ... I have a patient who seems to  
know something about your field.

RACHEL

You have a patient who's an astronomer?

ABBY

(puts her arms proudly  
around Steve's girth)  
I beg your pardon, Full Professor of  
Astrophysics as of next month.

RACHEL

Steve - congratulations!

POWELL

Congratulations, Steve.

STEVE

Thank you, thank you.  
(then, curious)  
So who's this patient of yours?

POWELL

(wipes corn off his hands)  
He claims to come from a planet he  
calls "K-PAX."

NATALIE

KayPacks?

The KIDS laugh, repeating the funny name several times.

POWELL

Says it's a thousand light years from  
here, near the constellation Lyra.

\*  
\*

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

STEVE  
Big head, green? About this high?  
(puts his hand at 3  
feet)  
I think I know the guy.

As they all laugh, Powell remains mildly serious.

POWELL  
No, no - he's very convincing.

Rachel, Abby, Steve, and the kids stare at him.

Powell views them, with an embarrassed laugh.

POWELL  
I mean - of course, he's human! He's  
just ... the most convincing  
delusional I've ever come across.  
(to Steve)  
And I'd like to prove to him that  
this - K-PAX - is a figment of his  
imagination.  
(pours himself some  
lemonade)  
If I can do that ... then, maybe I can  
find out who he really is.

ABBY  
Am I hearing right? The great Doctor  
Powell needs help with a patient?

Powell just gives his sister a tired look.

Steve scratches his bushy beard.

STEVE  
Constellation Lyra, hmmm. Sure - I  
can give you a whole bunch of  
questions to ask your fella.

21 INT. WARD - MORNING

21

As Powell hurries down the hallway with Nurse McAllister.

MCALLISTER  
I don't know what's wrong. All his  
books and papers and everything are  
spread out over his desk, like always.  
But he's just -

They get to the ONE-WAY MIRROR, look into the DAY ROOM, to see  
HOWIE, just sitting calmly, gazing out a window.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

MCALLISTER (CONT'D)  
- sitting there.

Powell stares at the peaceful Howie, in utter amazement.

POWELL  
Did someone change his medication?

MCALLISTER  
No. I gave him his regular,  
Anafranil, point two hundred fifty  
milligrams.

POWELL  
Well, something's wrong with him. An  
obsessive compulsive doesn't just sit  
there looking out the window.

22 INT. DAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

22

As Powell enters. Slowly approaching Howie, he notices that  
Howie's glasses are, for the first time, clean. And through  
them, Howie remains gazing, with fixed purpose, out the window.

POWELL  
Howie?

HOWIE  
Good morning, Doctor Powell.

Powell leans down to squint out the window with him.

POWELL  
Howie ... what are you looking for?

HOWIE  
The bluebird.

POWELL  
(takes a moment with this)  
The bluebird?

HOWIE  
Bluebird of happiness. Prot told me  
to find the bluebird of happiness.

Powell's expression changes.

POWELL  
Prot ... told you?

Howie nods, his eyes not leaving the gardens and brick walls  
of the gated hospital grounds outside.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

HOWIE

It's a task, the first of three. I  
don't know what the other two are,  
yet. He'll tell me.  
(smiles, proudly)  
If I complete all three, I'll be cured.

Powell's look tightens.

23 EXT. HOSPITAL - GROUNDS - DAY

23

Shrubs and flowers line the high, old brick walls. A fountain  
bubbles. Attendants slowly walk patients along the paths.

Ernie stands under a tree, taking deep breaths. As Prot  
coaches him, reassuringly.

PROT

Maintain breathing. That's it. You  
see? There are none of these "ammonia  
particles" you are worried about. For  
one thing, I would be able to see  
them - and I don't.

Ernie, breathing, manages a nervous smile - then spies Powell  
marching across the grass toward them.

ERNIE

Uh-oh. Winged monkey at two o'clock.

Prot turns, curiously, as Powell marches up.

POWELL

Excuse us for a moment, Ernie.

Ernie looks from Prot to Powell. Then, fearfully, up at the  
sky. He scrambles backwards across the lawn, up the veranda  
steps, and into the refuge of the hospital.

While Powell views Prot with an aggravated breath.

POWELL (CONT'D)

It's one thing to take an interest in  
your fellow patients - it's quite  
another to make them think you can  
cure them!

Prot regards Powell, baffled at his angry tone.

PROT

You seem overly upset, Mark. To  
borrow a phrase from Raul - you need  
to "chill."

(MORE)

CONTINUED



23 CONTINUED:

23

PROT (CONT'D)  
(with a smile)  
For your information - every being has  
the capability to cure themselves.  
This is something we have known on  
K-PAX for millions of years.

POWELL  
Listen to me! On this planet, I am a  
doctor. You are a patient.

PROT  
Doctor - patient. Curious human  
distinction.

POWELL  
(in a burst of anger)  
It is not your job to cure Howie or  
Ernie or Maria or anyone. It's mine!

PROT  
Then, why haven't you cured them yet?

As Powell stares at Prot, fishing for a reply -

Prot carefully takes out several folded NOTEBOOK PAGES, hands  
them to him.

PROT (CONT'D)  
By the way, here are the answers to  
the questions you gave me. I hope you  
find them to your satisfaction.

Powell, left with nothing to say, just takes the pages.

24 INT. PRINCETON UNIVERSITY OBSERVATORY - NEW JERSEY

24

Steve scratches his beard, mystified, as he looks over Prot's  
NOTEBOOK PAGES. Behind him, we see a giant telescope and a  
vast array of digital instruments and computers. He speaks on  
the phone:

STEVE  
I don't know what to say, Mark. This  
is ... pretty wild stuff.

25 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - SAME

25

Powell leans back in his chair, with a confident smile.

POWELL  
Gibberish, huh?

26 INT. PRINCETON OBSERVATORY - SAME

26

Steve's expression says otherwise, as he examines Prot's neat HANDWRITING on the pages spread out before him.

STEVE

Well ... not exactly. See - your patient indicates his planet "K-PAX" orbiting an eclipsing binary star system, Agape and Satori, near the constellation Lyra.

\*

27 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - SAME

27

Powell straightens up in his chair, skeptical, phone to ear.

POWELL

Okay, so he could have read about it somewhere.

28 INT. OBSERVATORY - SAME

28

STEVE

That's the funny thing, Mark. Not really. You see ... except for my boss, Duncan Flynn, who's one of the foremost astrophysicists in the world, and maybe - two or three of his colleagues - nobody knows much about the possibility of planets in this star system yet. It hasn't even been reported in any journals.

\*

\*

He looks around the observatory, lowering his voice into the phone, with a shrewd smile:

STEVE (CONT'D)

Tell me, honestly. Duncan put you up to this? You know, like a joke?

29 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - SAME

29

STAY ON POWELL - as he holds the phone. He attempts a little laugh, unwilling to believe what he's hearing, then glances into the outer office at Mrs. Trexler, who looks up from her work at him, oddly.

POWELL

It's ... no joke, Steve.

(then, grasping)

You wouldn't happen to know of any missing astrophysicists would you?

30 INT. OBSERVATORY - SAME

30

Steve shakes his head, laughs.

STEVE  
Can't say I do.  
(then, seriously)  
But there's one or two around here  
who'd sure like to meet this fella of  
yours.

31 INT. POWELL HOUSE - STUDY - EVENING

31

Powell scribbles on a pad, stymied, as he listens over headphones to a CASSETTE RECORDER. He ejects a tape, puts in another. We see that it is labelled Prot - Session 7.

Thick MEDICAL VOLUMES lay open around him ... Psychogenic and Retrograde Amnesia, Amnesia/Historical Case Book, and the bible of clinical psychiatry - the DSM, Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders. Powell flips through the DSM. Pausing a moment ... at the chapter on Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. He runs his finger over the CASE HISTORIES ...

THE PIANO DRIFTS IN from the doorway. He rubs his temple, distracted by it. He gets up.

32 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

32

Rachel and Natalie sit at the piano. Natalie tenuously plunking out *London Bridge is Falling Down*, while Rachel, with a teacher's patience, guides her along.

RACHEL  
A - D - B - G - repeat -

They both glance up, seeing the study door shut. Rachel's eyes stay on it for a thoughtful moment ...

33 INT. STUDY - SAME

33

Powell sits back down. Puts his headphones back on. Finally, he just punches the tape machine off, rips his headphones off. Closes all the big books. In utter frustration.

Then, his eye catches - the TELESCOPE standing by his picture window. He stares at it. And from the TELESCOPE ...

WE CUT TO:

34 OMITTED

34

A35 INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT

A35\*

C.U. ON the back of the TAXI DRIVER'S HEAD ...

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR - WE SEE PROT, flanked by Chakraborty and Navarro.

Powell is in the front seat.

35 EXT. HAYDEN PLANETARIUM AND SPACE SCIENCE CENTER - NIGHT

35 \*

As the TAXICAB drives up, dwarfed by the six-story SPHERE. A gleaming wonder of glass and metal that faces Central Park.

36 OMITTED

36

A37 INT. HAYDEN SPACE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A37\*

As they enter. The place is empty. The visitors have long departed. A giant mobile of the solar system hangs four stories high. There are meteorites, and displays of space exploration and giant, backlit PHOTOS from the Hubble -- GALAXIES, NEBULAS, the now-famous GAS PILLARS at the edge of the known universe.

Navarro, amazed, never having seen anything like this himself, gives Prot a sly, little look.

                  NAVARRO

                  This your neighborhood, huh?

Prot takes it all in ... with a laugh of both wonder and familiarity.

37 INT. SPACE CENTER - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - IN A FEW MINUTES

37

Powell, a little anxious, shakes hands with the three astronomers Steve has brought. DUNCAN FLYNN, distinguished, white-haired, with a pipe - and two others, DAVID PATEL and STUART HESSLER. They wear the intense eyes of men who have spent their lives looking to the heavens.

                  POWELL

                  Thank you, gentlemen, for doing this.

                  FLYNN

                  Thank you, Doctor Powell.

                  (holding up Prot's pages)

                  We'd like to get to the bottom of these notes as much as you would.

                  POWELL

                  I'll bring him right up.

38 INT. HAYDEN PLANETARIUM - IN A FEW MINUTES

38

As Prot enters through the double doors, with Navarro and Chakraborty.

We are in a HUGE, DOMED ROOM. Empty stadium seats all around. A formidable camera/computer projector rises from the center of the floor.

Navarro, amazed, has never seen anything like this himself. He takes a seat by the doors, with Chakraborty.

\*  
\*

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

Letting Prot walk slowly ... toward a semi-circular conference table hooked up with two state-of-the-art FLAT-SCREEN MONITORS at which sit Steve, Flynn, Patel and Hessler.

\*  
\*

The men stare at Prot, not really knowing what to expect.

Powell quietly takes a seat by Chakraborty and Navarro. He catches Steve's eye, gives him a little nod.

STEVE

It's a pleasure to meet you, Prot.  
Won't you ... have a seat.

Prot looks around, takes the chair in the center of the room by the projector, facing them.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'm ... Doctor Becker. This is  
Dr. Flynn, Doctors Patel and Hessler.

PROT

How many doctors are there are on this planet?

Steve laughs, looks at his colleagues. He likes this guy.

Flynn motions to Steve, who walks over to the planetarium console and presses a button. The lights go dim. And on the DOME above them all ... is projected ... an astonishing SPLASH OF STARS. It fills our senses, as if we are actually there.

\*  
\*

Chakraborty and Navarro lean back in their chairs. Navarro's eyes now as wide as his mouth, as he utters:

NAVARRO

Shit ...

\*

Powell looks from the stars to Prot ...

As Prot takes his glasses off ... gazing up - and around - at the IMAGE ... with a wide, breathless smile ... and a laugh, of both wonder and familiarity.

STEVE

(smiles at Prot)  
Feel at home?

Flynn clears his throat, trying as hard as he can to treat Prot seriously.

FLYNN

We have found your notes quite  
interesting ... Prot.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
And we'd like to ask you some  
questions - if that's all right.

PROT  
Be my guest.

FLYNN  
Good. Then I'll jump right in.

PROT  
Make sure you can swim.

Flynn attempts an awkward little laugh, looks at the others.

By the doors, Navarro, amused, repeats "make sure you can swim" to Powell and Chakraborty, in case they didn't get it.

FLYNN  
Yes, well. Let's start with this idea  
of light travel, shall we? What can  
you tell us about that?

PROT  
(smiles)  
Nothing.

The scientists give each other dubious glances.

PROT (CONT'D)  
If I told you, you'd blow yourselves  
up. Or worse, someone else. You'd be  
surprised how much energy there is in  
a beam of light.

They respond to this with tentative laughter. Steve takes over, being friendly.

STEVE  
Well, then, I wonder if you could show  
us how this light travel works.

PROT  
How about a demonstration?

Powell's expression becomes uncertain. He catches a wary sidelong glance from Chakraborty.

STEVE  
(surprised)  
That would be ... fine.

PROT  
Adios! Aloha!

He sits there with a wide grin.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

Steve views him with uncertainty.

STEVE  
When are you going to ...

PROT  
I'm already back.

The scientists can't help let out a couple of belly laughs.  
Steve regards Prot, shrewdly.

STEVE  
Where I come from, that's called the  
fastest gun in the West routine.

PROT  
(imitates his Tennessee  
drawl, with equal candor)  
Well, I don't come from where you come  
from, Dr. Becker.

More laughter.

Powell has to smile, a bit sadly, as he regards Prot, seeing  
what a farce this is becoming.

When Flynn attempts to be serious again, perusing Prot's  
notebook PAGES in front of him.

FLYNN  
Prot, you've indicated in your -  
notes - that your planet K-PAX orbits  
the twin stars Agape and Satori near  
the constellation Lyra. Frankly,  
we're a bit mystified as to how you  
gained knowledge of such a planetary  
system around these stars.

At the planetarium console, Steve presses another button - and  
a huge INSERT OF A MAGNIFIED STAR SYSTEM APPEARS projected  
against the dome of stars.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
This was taken from the Hubble. We  
computer enhanced it, based on Doctor  
Patel's readings from telescopes in  
Chile and Hawaii. It is the clearest  
picture we have of -  
(checks himself, regards  
his colleagues)  
- where you come from. What we'd like  
... is if you could diagram on your  
lightpad, the orbital pattern your  
planet takes around this system.

CONTINUED



38 CONTINUED: (4)

38

PROT  
(delighted)  
My pleasure.

He gets up, goes over to the lightpad, picks up the stylus there. Unsure, he looks back at the scientists. They nod. Prot makes a mark on the lightpad over the projector. He looks up. It appears as a scribble across the STAR SYSTEM. He shakes his head, erases it, then starts again, animated, looking up to the stars with every mark he makes.

\*  
\*

The scientists lean back in their chairs with bafflingly amused expressions.

But as Prot's scribbles take shape up ABOVE THEM ... their expressions begin to change ...

For there ... projected over the STARS ... emerges a cogent, detailed DIAGRAM of what looks like a 4-PLANET SOLAR SYSTEM around the two brightest stars. Complete with a grid of ANGLES and FORMULAS of relative distances.

\*  
\*

Prot looks up, puts down the stylus, satisfied.

\*

Flynn, slowly, takes the pipe out of his mouth.

FLYNN  
Steven ... could you input that ...

STEVE  
Already on it.

Steve has the Princeton Observatory database on line. As multiple STAR CHARTS and theoretical CHARTS appear on his MONITOR, he hurriedly inputs Prot's information from the DOME.

\*

Powell looks from Prot's diagram to the scientists, confused.

POWELL  
What - what's going on?

NAVARRO  
(admiring Prot's work)  
Looks like the real thing to me.

Flynn, Patel and Hessler get up from their chairs to crowd around Steve's laptop.

POWELL  
Somebody want to tell me what the hell's going on?

The scientists watch, agog, as the monitor displays an exact replica of Prot's solar system.

\*  
\*

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED: (5)

38

Prot observes them, with a knowing chuckle.

PROT

I take it my calculations help explain the perturbations you've been seeing in the rotation pattern of your binary star - but have been previously unable to explain.

For a long beat, the scientists just stare at Prot, speechless.

FLYNN

How ... how could you know this? How could you ...

PROT

Every K-PAXian knows this. Doesn't every school child on Earth know your planet orbits your sun in an ellipse?

Flynn and his colleagues look at each other, stupidly.

39 EXT. HAYDEN PLANETARIUM - STREET - IN A SHORT WHILE

39

Prot sits waiting in the TAXI with Navarro and Chakraborty.

Powell and Steve stand on the sidewalk.

POWELL

What happened in there, Steve? I mean - he could be a savant. There are savants who have painted flawless copies of Rembrandts who couldn't even remember their own names. Steve, you don't believe this guy do you!?

Steve, with a look toward the taxi, confides to Powell:

STEVE

I don't know what I believe, Mark. But, I know what I saw. Tell you what I'm going to do ... I'm going to computer generate a star chart of the night sky as seen from the position of this planet K-PAX. Ask your man to draw one from memory. Then send it to me. If his matches mine - I guarantee you the government would take him off your hands.

Powell just stares, maddeningly, at his brother-in-law.

40 EXT. POWELL'S PATIO - NIGHT

40

Powell sits in the dark. With an empty Scotch glass. Gazing up, troublingly, at the sparse Connecticut stars. Prot's planetarium DIAGRAM rests in his lap.

He turns, to gaze at his wife through the glass doors ...

She sits playing the piano very softly, as the kids are long asleep. He admires her back, her lithe beauty, the way she tucks a strand of hair back and turns the music page.

He gets up, comes into the -

41 OMITTED

41

A42 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A42

Rachel hears the patio door slide open, turns. They regard each other for a beat.

POWELL  
Don't stop.

RACHEL  
It's okay.

POWELL  
Please.

RACHEL  
There's a key stuck.

POWELL  
We'll have to get that fixed.

He sits beside her on the bench. She shows him...

RACHEL  
G below middle C.

POWELL  
That's probably an important one, huh.

RACHEL  
My old teacher -- I've told you about her --

POWELL  
Hilda.

RACHEL  
Right.

Powell smiles.

CONTINUED

A42 CONTINUED:

A42

POWELL

Hilda from the City Opera. With the  
yellow teeth and the cat with the  
stomach trouble. Who would fart in  
four/four time.

Rachel laughs. Powell laughs.

RACHEL

Yes.

POWELL

With his tail going. Like a metronome.

RACHEL

Shut up. She was a very good teacher.

POWELL

As long as you like cats.

Their laughter subsides. Rachel looks away from Powell for an  
introspective beat. Then turns to him.

RACHEL

She used to tell me, don't play the  
notes.

POWELL

Don't play the notes?

RACHEL

Yeah. If you just play the notes,  
you'll miss it.

They look at each other. On Powell,

CUT TO:

42 INT. WARD 2 - DAY ROOM - DAY

42 \*

CLOSE ON HOWIE. Seated at his post by the window. His eyes suddenly widen. And a smile of immeasurable joy spreads across his face.

HOWIE  
Bluebird...

Ernie and Sal look up from a checker game. Russell stops muttering a Bible passage. Only Bess remains disinterested, in front of the TV.

As Howie jumps out of his chair --

HOWIE  
Bluebird!!

He starts running from window to window -- jumping over tables, knocking over chairs.

HOWIE  
Bluebird! Bluebird!

AT THE NURSE'S STATION - McAllister spots him from the one-way glass. She hastens into the DAY ROOM.

MCALLISTER  
Howie?

He runs up to her, dances her giddily in a circle, over to the window. Where she looks out, surprised.

MCALLISTER  
Oh, my...

He bounds out of the day room -- and down the CORRIDOR --

Shouting from ROOM to ROOM at the top of his lungs:

HOWIE  
Bluebird! Bluebird!

Patients peek out of doorways with wide eyes and medicated smiles.

BACK IN THE DAY ROOM - Ernie turns fearfully to Sal.

ERNIE  
Do -- do bluebirds bite?

SAL  
No, they don't bike, stinkhead!

BACK DOWN THE HALLWAY

Howie, like a barefoot dervish twirls up onto a windowsill. He puts his face to the BARS -- shouting out, freely, euphoric, with all his might -- as sunlight kisses his face:

CONTINUED

Rev. 11/28/00 (Salmon)

52B\*.

42 CONTINUED:

42

HOWIE  
BLUEBIRRRRRRRD!!

\*  
\*

43 EXT. MANHATTAN PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

43

MOVING UP - from Howie's shouting face, and WIDENING - to take in the other WARDS on the floors above. As pale FACES, some with shaved heads and hollow eyes come to the WINDOWS, looking out with suspicion and wonder ...

44 INT. WARD 2 - IN A FEW MINUTES

44

Navarro and Simms step off the elevator - into pandemonium.

Patients running out of rooms, up and down the corridors, some half naked, shouting "Bluebird! Bluebird!"

Navarro whips the walkie-talkie out of his belt, speaks quickly into it:

NAVARRO  
Disturbance is on Two!

45 INT. CORRIDOR - IN A MINUTE

45

Powell barrels through two SWINGING DOORS and runs down the CORRIDOR, Chakraborty and the overweight Fleen trying to keep up with him. They hear CHANTING coming from down the hall ...

POWELL  
What the hell?

We FOLLOW THEM into the DAY ROOM -

where the entire ward has erupted into an ecstatic chorus of "BLUEBIRD, BLUEBIRD, BLUEBIRD!" Patients are crowded around the windows, jumping up and down, some standing on tables to get a better look.

Fleen looks shaken.

FLEEN  
It's mass hysteria ...

Powell eyes him, ridiculously. Nevertheless, trying to catch sight of somebody, anybody, in charge.

POWELL  
Betty! What's going on?

McAllister turns from the window. She knows it's silly, but she wipes a tear and smiles, pointing out.

MCALLISTER  
Look.

Powell regards her bafflingly - when Howie suddenly grabs him by the arm.

HOWIE  
Doctor Powell! Come, see!

Disinclined, Powell lets himself be led to the WINDOW - to see, indeed - a beautiful, common BLUE JAY.

It flits, majestically, from tree to tree, chirping and pecking. Finally settling on a branch.

As Powell gazes upon it, in profound astonishment - Villers now wends her way through the commotion.

VILLERS  
What's going on here, Mark?  
(craning her neck to see)  
What on earth is out there?

POWELL  
Just a blue jay ...

She gives him a nonsensical look.

CONTINUED



45 CONTINUED:

45

VILLERS  
A blue jay?

Powell opens his mouth to say something more. But instead, looks from the window - around, slowly - witnessing the unbounded hope and excitement on every patient's FACE.

POWELL  
Just a blue jay.

He turns ... catching sight of Prot, who stands observing from the day room doorway. Their eyes lock for a moment.

Prot smiles at him.

And then ... Powell, to his absolute amazement, sees Mrs. Archer come into the day room! She looks around at the commotion with wide eyes, and the smile of a little girl. Taking hold of Prot's arm ...

Then Ernie approaches Powell.

ERNIE  
Doctor Powell, can we go outside and look at it?

Powell takes a beat.

POWELL  
You want to go outside, Ernie?

ERNIE  
To look at it.

POWELL  
Okay. Let's go outside.

Powell puts his arm around Ernie. As they head outside, he and Prot exchange a last look. On Prot,

CUT TO:

46 OMITTED

46

47 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - EVENING

47

STAYING ON POWELL, as he stands with all the other COMMUTERS on the Metro North PLATFORM, waiting for the 6:15 to Connecticut. Across the tracks on another platform, he watches a FATHER kid around with a young SON.

They are obviously on their way to a ball game, both wearing Mets caps. The father with a food cooler, the boy with a mit.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED:

47

PROT (V.O.)

*First of all, Mark ... we make no distinction between 'childhood' and adulthood' on K-PAX - you can check your notes ...*

A fleeting, wistful look crosses Powell's eyes, as he watches father and son board a train. Prot's WORDS filling his head:

PROT (CONT'D; V.O.)

*On Earth, children are encouraged to play all the time. That's because you believe they should remain innocent of their approaching adulthood for as long as possible, apparently because the latter is so distasteful ...*

Powell opens his briefcase, takes his CELL PHONE from its pocket. He ponders it. Then fumbles through his wallet for a phone number.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

PROT (CONT'D; V.O.)  
*But on K-PAX, children and adults are  
all part of the same thing ...*

With indecision, he dials the number. Gets an annoying NO  
SERVICE BEEP. He moves back, up the crowded stairs. Tries  
again. Hand over his ear.

PROT (CONT'D; V.O.)  
*On our planet life is fun and  
interesting. There is no need for  
mindless games, either for children or  
adults. No need for lying, for escape  
into game shows, football, alcohol, or  
other drugs ...*

48 INT. AN APARTMENT - SAME TIME - EVENING

48

Has the look of being just moved into. Milk crate furniture,  
an electric guitar and amp, bicycle hanging up on the wall.  
A 21-YEAR OLD with a still boyish face looks up from the TV -  
as the phone rings.

He puts down his McDonalds dinner. His hair is cropped short,  
bleached. His eyebrow is pierced. The phone rings again. He  
gets up, walks over to it, answers it.

YOUNG MAN  
Hello ... ?

49 INT. TRAIN TERMINAL STAIRS - SAME TIME

49

Powell calls on pay phone at Grand Central Station.

MICHAEL  
Hello.

POWELL  
Michael. Happy birthday. I forgot to  
call.

MICHAEL  
Dad? Hey, how you doing?

POWELL  
Good -- you?

MICHAEL  
All right.

POWELL  
That's good. How's your mother?

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED:

49

MICHAEL  
Fine. I saw her 'bout a week ago.  
She asked about you.

POWELL  
Did she? Tell her I said hi. Listen,  
my train's about to leave. I  
just...wanted to say happy birthday.

MICHAEL  
Okay. Take care. Thanks for calling.

POWELL  
Okay. You too.

MICHAEL  
All right. 'Bye, Dad.

CUT TO:

50 OMITTED  
AND  
51

50  
AND  
51

52 INT. WARD 2 - PROT'S ROOM - NIGHT

52 \*

A narrow bed and a small metal table are the only fixtures. Prot sits at the TABLE in front of his grilled WINDOW, his glasses resting beside him. He looks up ... to a few STARS twinkling through the grill.

PROT'S POV. The stars visibly move across the cloudy heavens. Their faraway light fills his face. He closes his eyes, concentrating ...

and starts drawing DOTS, fast and furious, on the blank SHEET OF PAPER in front of him.

IN THE HALLWAY - Bess, roaming the halls, stops. In front of Prot's door. Through its small window ... she watches him. Her eyes silent, piercing.

BESS  
(whispering)  
I know who you are ...

IN HIS ROOM - Prot stops drawing for a moment, as if sensing her presence. Without turning around, he offers Bess a smile.

IN THE HALLWAY - Bess keeps staring at him. She doesn't smile. But there is an intent belief in her quiet voice.

BESS (CONT'D)  
You're the bluebird.

53 INT. WARD 2 - HALLWAY - MORNING

53

As Prot walks down the hallway. Maria stands there in a white nurse's cap and gloves. He greets her with palpable good cheer.

PROT  
How are we, today?

MARIA  
(cheerfully)  
Just fine.

Prot walks on, pointing a finger at Navarro, who points a finger back at him.

NAVARRO  
My man.

A furtive Sal gets his attention, with a "Pssst." Curious, Prot comes over. Sal glances up and down the hallway to make sure no one's watching, motions Prot into the ART ROOM.

A54 INT. ART ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A54

Patient artwork is all over the walls. Sal draws Prot closer, keeps his voice low.

SAL  
About that light travel thing. I was wonderin' ... if you could maybe show me how to do that?  
(with desperation)  
I've put up with the stink in here for ten years. I sure would like to get out ... know what I'm sayin'?

PROT  
(puzzled)  
Why have you stayed here so long, Sal, if this - stink - bothers you?

SAL  
Ain't exactly my choice. My wife put me in here.

Sal picks up a brush, pretends to paint just to look busy - as he makes his voice even lower, eyes searching for any prying ears.

SAL (CONT'D)  
See, I was the doorman at the Plaza.

PROT  
The Plaza?

CONTINUED

A54 CONTINUED:

A54

SAL  
Hotel. Fifteen years. I opened the doors for some of the fattest cats in the world. Movie stars, financiers, politicians, the movers and shakers. You know the type. After fifteen years ... that's when I started to notice it ...

PROT  
(considers Sal, unclear)  
Notice what?

Sal pulls him closer, expression changing, nose scrunching -

SAL  
The smell ... the smell!  
(almost unbearable for him)  
God! What putrid, disgusting stench! No one could smell a thing - except for me! I tried to tell people - I tried! But nobody would listen. Not even my wife. Not even my kids.  
(whispering now)  
That's why they put me in here. Because nobody wants to hear the truth! And this place ... stinks worst of all!

He looks right into Prot's dark glasses, with a sense of close camaraderie.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Except for you. That's why I knew ... you'd be able to help me.

As Sal's lip trembles, Prot's own expression changes, as if dwelling on Sal's plight. Then, his voice soothing:

PROT  
You must smell the yort blossoms on my planet, in a gentle breeze. Very much like your sugar plums. Now that is a sweet smell.

Sal views Prot's smile, hungrily.

SAL  
I'd like to smell that. I'd like to ... go there. To your planet.

PROT  
I'm afraid I can only take one person back with me.

CONTINUED

A54 CONTINUED: (2)

A54

Sal stares at him. His tough, round face breaking into a thrilled, clandestine smile.

SAL  
I read you, pal.

Prot looks at him, sincerely.

PROT  
Thanks, pal.

54 EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

54

Prot sits, meditatively, in the garden.

As Powell approaches, something clearly on his mind. He observes Prot for a few beats, before sitting down next to him on the stone bench.

POWELL  
I had my weekly session with Sal today. He says you're taking him to K-PAX.

(lets Prot absorb this)  
In fact, I've heard from most of the patients on Ward Two. They all tell me they're going to K-PAX. I wonder if that's a wise thing to be promising patients in a psychiatric facility.

Prot knits his brow, with a problematic sigh.

PROT  
No, no, no. I told them all very clearly. I would only be able to take one person with me when I return.

Powell blinks, not sure he's heard correctly.

POWELL  
Return ...

PROT  
No offense, Mark. I mean you've been very hospitable. Hospital - "hospitable" - get it? But my time here is almost up, and I can't wait to get back.

POWELL  
Back ... to K-PAX?

PROT  
Where else?

CONTINUED



54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

POWELL

You're planning to return to K-PAX.

PROT

You are repeating yourself, Mark.

Yes. I am planning to return to K-PAX.

Powell sits there, at a momentary loss for words. He lets out a flummoxed laugh.

POWELL

You'll have to forgive me, this comes as a bit of a surprise. But -- when are you -- planning on -- ?

PROT

Well, first, I have to take a short trip up to some of your north lands -- Greenland, Iceland, Labrador -- to complete my report.

(consumes another  
strawberry)

Then, I'll be departing on July 27th.

Powell stares at him, stunned by the finality of these words. Trying to collect himself, he helps himself to a strawberry.

POWELL

Why -- why July 27th?

PROT

Safety reasons. You see, I can go anywhere on Earth without fear of bumping into anyone traveling at superlight speed. But beings are coming and going from K-PAX all the time. It has to be coordinated --

POWELL

You're telling me you're "beaming" back to K-PAX on July 27th?

Prot just turns back to the fountain, with a smile of certainty.

PROT

At 5:51 a.m. Eastern time.

55 OMITTED  
THRU  
59

55  
THRU  
59

\*

A60 INT. POWELL'S BEDROOM - CONNECTICUT - NIGHT

A60 \*

As Powell wakes up in the dark, with a gasp, heart beating.  
Rachel sits up beside him.

RACHEL

Mark, honey, you were dreaming!

She smooths his face, puzzled. He turns to her, still  
breathing hard. Then, suddenly, jumps out of bed, wrestles on  
some pants, and hurries out of the bedroom.

Rachel quickly puts on a robe, following after him -

RACHEL

Mark. Mark, you're worrying me.

ON THE LANDING - Natalie comes blearily out of her room,  
having been woken up, sees her father bound down the stairs.

NATALIE

Where is Daddy going?

RACHEL

He just has an upset stomach, honey.  
Go back to bed.

Natalie, not convinced, watches her mother bound down the  
stairs after him.

B60 INT. DOWNSTAIRS STUDY - IN A MOMENT

B60

As Powell turns on the desk lamp and rifles through the  
cassette TAPES - until he finds the one he wants. Rachel  
watches him, with mounting confusion. As he pops the tape  
into the machine, dons headphones, rewinding - forwarding -  
until -

POWELL

Listen, listen - here it is!

He unplugs the headphones, so she can hear. As Rachel  
listens, she keeps her eyes, disturbingly, on her husband.  
His hair is wild, his eyes fixated.

POWELL (ON TAPE)

When did you arrive here on Earth?

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED:

59

POWELL  
Steve ... listen to me ... just sit on  
it ... please ... I need ... I need a  
little more time ...

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His hair is wild, his eyes fixated.

POWELL (ON TAPE)  
When did you arrive here on Earth?

CONTINUED

B60 CONTINUED:

B60

PROT (ON TAPE)

Four years and nine months ago. Your  
years that is.

Powell turns off the tape, looks at her.

POWELL

Four years and nine months ago! That  
will be five years to the date, on  
July 27th!

(seeing she doesn't  
understand)

The date he's leaving to go back to  
K-PAX!

She's more worried about her husband, than trying to  
understand.

RACHEL

Mark ... what is the matter with you?

POWELL

(impatient with her)

Don't you see, Rachel?

\*

Natalie and Gabby now join her in the doorway, viewing their  
father with uncertainty.

RACHEL

Mark ... it's two o'clock in the  
morning. What is this patient doing  
to you?

\*

He looks at her, looks at his daughters, as if the answer was  
evident.

POWELL

He's telling me that five years ago on  
July 27th - something terrible  
happened to him...some horrible trauma.

\*

\*

RACHEL

What are you afraid of?

\*

\*

POWELL

That he's planning to do something  
violent. To himself or someone else.  
I've got to get to him before that  
date.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Powell's family just remain staring at him ...

60 EXT. POWELL HOME - 4TH OF JULY - DAY

60

A sunny day, the trees brilliant green. A flag flies above the front portico. Abby helps Rachel spread a tablecloth across a long picnic table. Steve pops a beer, smiles at the day. Natalie runs barefoot around the yard with festive streamers.

Powell stands at the top of his drive, looking up and down the street. As Gabby comes up to him, with a skeptic's brow.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED:

60

GABBY  
Is the spaceman here yet?

POWELL  
Hush! Do not call him that.

A CAR comes down the tree-lined street.

POWELL (CONT'D)  
Here they are ... everybody just act  
like yourselves, be normal.  
(Natalie and Josh squeal  
past him)  
Kids - settle down!

As the CAR pulls into the drive, Rachel views it, cautiously,  
from the yard. She comes over to her husband. Keeps her eyes  
on it, as it rolls toward them ...

RACHEL  
Gabby, why don't you take your sister  
in the house ...

GABBY  
Why, is he going to zap us with his  
laser gun?

RACHEL  
Just do it, young lady.

Gabby gives both her parents a pitiful look. As the car  
approaches the head of the drive ...

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I can't believe I agreed to this.

POWELL  
I've tried everything else. I want  
him to spend the Fourth of July with  
us, see if a normal family environment  
might bring something out of him.

RACHEL  
(an eye to him)  
Since when did we become a normal  
family?

POWELL  
Rach - please.

RACHEL  
I just feel ... uncomfortable.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

POWELL

Not to worry. Mrs. Trexler's oldest is a high school varsity wrestler. And Betty McAllister's husband is a black belt. So, I think we're covered.

Rachel puts on her best face, as the CAR comes to a stop ...

A big, muscle-bound 18-YEAR-OLD OLD with a buzzcut steps out first, followed by Mrs. Trexler.

RACHEL

Joyce, how good to see you!  
(they hug)  
And can this be Danny?

Next out of the car are Nurse McAllister and her husband, DOM, a real New York Italian.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Betty - I don't think I've ever seen you out of uniform.

MCALLISTER

That's because I look like a Weight Watchers "before" shot. This is my husband, Dominic.

DOMINIC

Dom.

Trexler and McAllister look into the backseat of the car, beckoning someone else out. A beat.

Slowly ... hesitantly ... Prot climbs out of the car. He stands there. The trees reflected in his dark glasses.

Rachel stares at him. As Natalie, Josh and Gabby run up, she grabs their hands tight, to hold them back.

JOSH

Wow, he looks like Data!

NATALIE

(rolling her eyes)  
Oh, that's right, embarrass him.

Powell shushes them, furiously.

POWELL

Welcome, Prot. This is my wife -

PROT

(smiles at her)  
Rachel. Thank you for inviting me here.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED: (3)

60

Rachel remains staring at his dark glasses. She doesn't know whether to extend her hand. Instead, she just smiles back.

RACHEL

How do you do.

Suddenly - the DOG runs out from under the house, and barrels straight for Prot.

POWELL

Shasta! No! Shasta!

But to Powell's surprise, Shasta wags her tail, flattening herself against Prot's leg as if he were a trusted friend.

In the next instant, to everyone's surprise, Prot falls to the ground, rolling, playing, even barking with Shasta.

Abby eyes Steve, who comes up behind her, utterly amazed.

STEVE

(mutters to her)

Damn dog's never liked anyone.

Before anyone can stop them, Natalie and Josh run over to join in the fray.

RACHEL AND ABBY

(simultaneous, horrified)

Kids!

Prot sits down on the grass, moves the kids onto his knees. He regards them, happily, and with gentle fascination.

Powell signals Rachel and Abby with his eyes, to relax.

PROT

(to kids)

Watch this.

Prot begins to "talk" to Shasta in remarkably accurate dog whelps. Even more remarkable, Shasta starts howling back.

PROT (CONT'D)

She says she does not like it when you  
hide her favorite shoe or sneak up on  
her left side - because she can no  
longer hear well in that ear.

The kids stare at him, in open-mouth disbelief.

NATALIE

No way.

Even Gabby the skeptic has to laugh in amazement.

CONTINUED



60 CONTINUED: (4)

60

As Prot resumes "talking" to Shasta - Powell is puzzlingly amused. He catches Rachel's eye - she is not so sure.

Dom, watching Prot, gives McAllister a look that says "this guy is the biggest wingnut I've ever seen." She cautions him with a nudge.

61 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

61

The grill sizzles. Everyone is seated around the PICNIC TABLE. As food is passed around, Rachel places a giant FRUIT SALAD on the table in front of Prot.

RACHEL

Mark tells me you don't eat meat. I think that's very healthy.

POWELL

Speak for yourself.

RACHEL

So, I made this fruit salad especially for you.

Prot just sits there, admiring the beautiful fruit. Then looks at Rachel, with such deep appreciation he does not know what to say. His reaction gets to her for a moment, she doesn't know why.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Go on, take as much as you like.

Prot digs in, taking spoonful, after spoonful - after spoonful. Until there is a heaping mountain of it on his plate.

As EVERYONE stares. The kids hold their hands over their mouths to not laugh. Prot glances up, gives them all a smile.

Everyone takes this as a cue to start eating, food is passed around. Dom, putting ketchup on his burger, pauses self-consciously a moment, as he watches Prot shovel in fruit salad.

DOM

So - what do they eat on K-PAX?

McAllister gives her husband a kick under the table.

PROT

(mouth full)

Krees, likras mainly. But my favorites are our grains, drak, thon and adro - has a nutty flavor much like your cashew.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED:

61

DOM  
(with an eye to  
McAllister)  
I see ...

Rachel gives Powell a poignant glance. She's never heard anything so outlandish said so convincingly.

AND WE CUT TO:

62 EXT. YARD - AS THE MAGICAL SUMMER DAY MOVES ON ...

62

Prot, lemonade in hand, walks across the yard, a tail-wagging Shasta at his side. WE SEE things through his DARK GLASSES now ... almost in moving snapshots ... Abby, pulling a prickler from Gabby's bare foot ... Mrs. Trexler smelling a flower ... Dom, giving McAllister a little smooch. Prot absorbs them all, smiling at everyone as he wanders ...

through the open patio doors, and into the HOUSE.

McAllister shoots Powell a look. Powell considers a moment, then gives her a nod. McAllister follows Prot ...

63 INT. POWELL'S HOUSE - LATER

63 \*

Prot wanders into Powell's den. Finds FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS there. Picks one up. It is a PHOTO of Powell's son, Michael, from a previous marriage. Rachel enters. Finds Prot there.

PROT  
There is a picture of a young man --  
where your other pictures are. -

RACHEL  
That's Michael. Mark's son. From his  
first marriage.

PROT  
How many marriages has he had?

RACHEL  
Just the two, so far.

PROT  
So far?

RACHEL  
I mean he's not out to set a world  
record.

PROT  
(with photo)  
He is not here today?

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED:

63

RACHEL

No. He doesn't live with us, you  
know, he's away at college, and...

(beat)

Well, the truth is he and Mark don't  
talk to each other. I don't know why  
I'm telling you this.

PROT

Because I'm a locked-up lunatic, so  
what could the harm be?

RACHEL

(chuckling)

Maybe. Maybe that's it.

Prot smiles. Then looks at the photo again and turns suddenly  
reflective...

PROT

Doctor Powell has been trying to teach  
me this importance you humans place on  
your "biological connections."

RACHEL

(ruefully)

Do you think he means it?

PROT

You don't?

RACHEL

Do you know what a family is? You  
worry. They don't tell you that when  
you decide to leave your single life  
behind...When they're throwing the  
rice and dancing the tarantella...That  
there is no "biological connection" --  
not the way you say it, like it's  
something concrete -- like a rope or  
a ligament. There's just this  
desperate effort to hold on -- to hold  
onto them. And when you see someone  
you love falling away -- falling --  
and you can't hold on anymore...

PROT

Then?

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

RACHEL  
You don't have a family?

PROT  
We don't have families on K-PAX.

RACHEL  
Then you don't know what you're missing.

PROT  
What? Or who?

They exchange a look.

RACHEL  
Let me get you another lemonade.

On Prot, as he watches Rachel exit. Then he notices a TELESCOPE in the study. Moves to it. Considers it a moment. Then he bends down. Lifts his sunglasses. Squints through the eyepiece. As he does, he lowers his scope. Focusing on something earthbound out the window...

And we see that it is Powell, at the far edge of the yard, that he has in his sights.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. BACKYARD - IN A MINUTE

64

As Prot walks over to Powell. They stand there together under the trees. Powell takes a sip of beer. Prot noisily slurps his lemonade.

POWELL  
Fourth of July.  
(reminiscing)  
I remember when Michael was a young boy, I'd take him to the fairground.  
(another sip of beer, as the memory takes him someplace)  
We'd spend the evening ... eating apple pie, watching the fireworks.

Prot turns his dark glasses to Powell.

PROT  
Thank you for inviting me here, Mark.

POWELL  
You're most welcome, Prot.

Just then, Natalie runs up, grabbing Prot's hand.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED:

64

NATALIE

Push me on the swing!

As she leads Prot off to the TREE SWING, Powell watches, circumspectly ... as Prot's fingers close so naturally and tenderly around hers.

Rachel comes out of the house, also watching ... carefully.

Prot picks Natalie up, sits her down on the swing. Making sure her hands grip the ropes.

PROT

Hold on tight now.

He pushes her, gently - playfully - a little higher, now. He ducks under the swing - comes back up. Making Natalie laugh. Her buoyant laughter bringing a big smile to his face.

As Prot walks over to Powell. They stand there together under the trees. Pow

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED:

64

ON POWELL ... as he watches, struck by how familiar Prot is with Natalie ... as if he's pushed a swing many times.

Just then - Josh dashes out of the house in a bathing suit, and turns on the LAWN SPRINKLERS -

the water hissing up in jets around the swing -

The SOUND of it suddenly makes Prot stiffen. He looks around - visibly shaken - at the harmless spray of water. The hissing taking on an ominous quality.

Powell regards Prot, strangely, noticing the change in him.

Abby runs after Josh, angrily grabbing his hand.

ABBY

Why did you do that!?

Natalie slides off the swing, gleefully.

NATALIE

Let's run through the water!

PROT

No ... wait ...

He grabs her arm.

NATALIE

(frightened now)

Let go!

RACHEL

NATALIE!

Natalie breaks free, runs for her mother.

Around his DARK GLASSES, Prot's face fills with pain and dread ... watching Natalie run off.

PROT

No ... don't go ...

He starts after her ...

RACHEL

MARK!

POWELL

Prot!

At the same time Powell runs for him, Dom and Danny quickly take their cues. They rush Prot, bringing him down. But he struggles like a wild animal. His voice choked and inarticulate, as he keeps trying to reach for Natalie.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

PROT  
Dddddddddd .... Nnnnnnnnnnn!

Gabby watches, horrified, as ...

Danny, 180 pounds of varsity wrestler, is flung off. Leaving Dom, Powell - and now Steve - straining to hold Prot down.

DOM  
God, he's strong as an ox!

POWELL  
Betty, quick!

McAllister goes for her purse, uncaps a syringe.

Mrs. Trexler helps Danny up, viewing Prot with a mixture of fear and pity - as the others try and keep him down.

POWELL  
Turn off the goddamn sprinklers!

In the struggle, Prot's GLASSES get knocked off. With a moan, he buries his face in his hands.

Abby finally gets the sprinklers off. Rachel clutches Natalie.

Powell, Dom and Steve stand up, slowly, carefully, dripping wet.

Prot remains on his knees, head to the ground. His shoulders shaking. Shasta licks him, whimpering.

He gropes on the grass, finding his glasses. Puts them on. Then lifts his head, a little disoriented. He gets up, brushes himself off. Bewildered by all the unnerved FACES staring back at him. Natalie, now afraid, hides behind Rachel.

Prot just smiles, sniffs the air -

PROT  
Is that apple pie I smell?

He walks, unsteadily, towards the picnic table. He sits, serves himself a slice of APPLE PIE. Starts devouring it.

Rachel comes up to Powell, angrily.

RACHEL  
Happy? I think you got through to him, don't you? I think you made your dent!

She throws the towel at him she has just dried Natalie off with, and walks away.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED: (4)

64

Leaving Powell standing there. He stares at Prot ... not without excitement.

65 INT. VILLERS' OFFICE - DAY

65

Powell paces in front of Villers, at her desk.

POWELL

...He was pushing my daughter on a swing like he'd done it a hundred times before. Not like some alien from K-PAX. I saw him. He was connecting with something. Some kind of normal life...

VILLERS

That's not enough.

POWELL

You can't transfer him to the fourth floor. It'll kill him. Not now -- when I'm actually making some progress with him.

VILLERS

This is a violent patient.

POWELL

He's not violent. I think something violent happened to him. Prot wasn't going after Natalie to harm her. He was trying to protect her.

\*  
\*

VILLERS

From the sprinklers?

POWELL

I don't know from what.

VILLERS

I need more to go on than a hunch. Otherwise--

POWELL

We need to regress him. Take him back into the past. Find out what happened and force him to confront it.

VILLERS

Hypnotize him? When did you last conduct a hypnosis session? Med school? Do you have any idea how risky it is to regress a patient like this one?

\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUED



65 CONTINUED:

65

POWELL  
It's his only chance.

VILLERS  
Push him too hard and he could wind up  
switching to an alter or worse.

POWELL  
He has to be pushed. There's no  
time. He says he's going back to  
K-PAX on July 27th. That's three  
weeks away. I think he could become  
violent on that day -- hurt himself or  
someone else --

\*

VILLERS  
You know what the problem is, Mark?  
You're too close to this patient.  
Everyone can see it but you.  
(beat)  
I'm transferring him to the fourth  
floor. That's final.

Powell thinks a beat.

POWELL  
Then you help me do it.

VILLERS  
Me?

POWELL  
You were right. What do I know  
about hypnosis? A six-hour course  
when I was a resident. You can do  
this. You're the expert. There's  
nobody better.

\*

\*

VILLERS  
That's exactly why I won't do it.  
I've seen what can happen.

POWELL  
Please, Claudia.  
(beat)  
That's the whole point of seeing a  
shrink, isn't it? -- that no matter  
how crazy or screwed up your world is,  
at least you're not alone.  
(off her look)  
I can't do it on my own -- I'm too  
close -- fine, I admit it. Doesn't he  
deserve at least one person on his  
side.

\*

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

VILLERS

Mark, why choose this one to save?

He looks at her. It takes him a moment to say this.

POWELL

Because I feel like maybe...somehow he  
chose me.

\*

On Villers, as she considers a beat,

CUT TO:

66 INT. WARD 2 - MORNING

66

Powell stands in the doorway of PROT'S EMPTY ROOM. Navarro  
and Simms stand there with him.

POWELL

What do you mean - he's gone!?

Navarro and Simms eye each other, extremely embarrassed, but  
extremely stumped.

NAVARRO

He's just ... gone.

Powell shakes his head, unwilling to hear this. He marches  
over to a SECURITY MONITOR by the nurse's station, Navarro and  
Simms following on his heels.

A SECURITY GUARD is already rewinding the night's surveillance  
video for them. They all watch the MONITOR ... on it, Prot  
appears walking down the hallway, and into his room.

NAVARRO

That's around six-thirty, after  
dinner. He goes in ...

Powell keeps his eyes glued to Prot's door in the time-stamped  
video, as it is fast-forwarded. We SEE what Navarro relays:

NAVARRO

He never comes out. Seven o'clock  
this morning. He ain't there.

POWELL

Wait, wait - what was that? Go back.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED:

66

The security guard rewinds - plays - three seconds of STATIC appear on the screen - then the picture comes back.

SECURITY GUARD

(shrugs)

Happens sometimes with these old cameras. Or, could be the tape.

NAVARRO

He just - disappeared.

Powell looks at Navarro.

POWELL

That's bullshit!

A67 INT. DAY ROOM

A67\*

He marches into the DAY ROOM, looks around.

POWELL

Has anyone seen Prot!?

Sal keeps his eyes on the checkers between him and Ernie.

SAL

He went up north for a few days.

POWELL

(squints at him)

North ... !?

Howie lifts his head, casually, from a book.

HOWIE

Greenland, Iceland, you know. He had a few more countries left to visit, before he could finish his report.

ERNIE

Don't - don't worry, Doctor Powell. He'll be back.

POWELL

(peering at Ernie)

How do you know?

Mrs. Archer gives Powell an obvious smile, over her Japanese fan.

MRS. ARCHER

Because he took his glasses with him, darling. When he returns to K-PAX - he won't need them.

CONTINUED

Rev. 11/28/00 (Salmon)

78A\*.

A67 CONTINUED:

A67

Powell views them all, ludicrously.

AS WE SMASH CUT TO:

67 INT. A STORAGE TUNNEL - LATE AFTERNOON

67

We're in the bowels of the hospital. It's pitch dark, save for the beams of several flashlights.

Powell, wearing an obsessed expression, plays his beam over broken Xerox machines and corroding file cabinets. A young SECURITY GUARD gives him a weary look.

SECURITY GUARD  
We've checked every inch of this  
hospital, Doctor Powell. Nobody ever  
comes down here.

A 2ND BEEFIER SECURITY GUARD, down on his belly, flashes his beam into the last corner of the tunnel - illuminating a brick wall. He looks back at Powell, shaking his head.

Powell looks at them both, wipes a cobweb from his face.

68 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, EMERGENCY STAFF MEETING - LATE DAY

68

McAllister, Chakraborty, Fleen, the rest of the gang, seated. As Villers stares - incredulous - at Powell, who stands.

VILLERS  
Patients don't just escape from this  
institution. They don't just escape!

POWELL  
(knowing how bad it  
sounds)  
There's no evidence of escape ... but,  
obviously, I've notified the police,  
social services. They're taking it as  
a low priority since he has no clear  
record of being a public threat ...

VILLERS  
(having heard enough)  
I'm going to have a great time  
explaining this to the state board.  
We have psychotics up on Ward Four  
packing their sneakers because they  
think they're all going to K-PAX.  
Find him, Doctor Powell!

Powell nods, there's nothing he'd like better.

69 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

69

Bleary-eyed, Powell sits at his desk, on the phone.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED:

69

POWELL

What about the city shelters? Have  
you checked ... no ... no, I'm not  
telling you how to do your job ...  
thank you.

He hangs up, looks through the doorway to his outer office -  
where Mrs. Trexler still sits.

Curiously, he gets up, shirt rumpled, tie loose. He walks  
over, observing her diligent face - as she scrolls through  
windows of lists and information on her COMPUTER.

MRS. TREXLER

Phil's old partner down at the 4th  
Precinct - who's now a detective -  
gave me a password to search their  
radio log.

(shaking her head)

No police reports of anybody fitting  
Prot's description being picked up.

POWELL

Joyce, it's eleven o'clock at night  
and you're still here. I know why I'm  
still here - but why are you still  
here?

She laughs, as if this were a silly question, eyeing her DAY  
CALENDAR ... which already says *JULY 17*. \*

MRS. TREXLER

Doctor Powell, do you know how long it  
takes to search a database like this?

POWELL

That doesn't answer my question.

She turns from his pointed gaze, back to her computer. Then,  
pauses, to regard the PHOTO of her HUSBAND on her desk, fondly.

MRS. TREXLER

The other day ... when Prot came in,  
he asked me about Phil.

(beat, still hard for her)

I said ... my husband was killed in  
the line of duty ten years ago. Prot  
looked at me with that, you know,  
alien, curious look. And asked me ...  
why I still keep a picture of him.

(a little quaver in her  
voice)

I told him ... because it reminds me  
of all the happiness we had together.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

MRS. TREXLER (CONT'D)  
(beat, smiles)  
The next morning there were the most  
beautiful carnations on my desk.

She wipes a tear from her cheek, looks up at Powell, in  
amazement.

MRS. TREXLER  
Now how did Prot know those were my  
favorite flowers?

Powell looks at her, not even knowing how to respond.

70 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

70

Powell, asleep, his head on his desk. A finger of SUNLIGHT  
streams in across the desk ... kisses his face. He squints,  
stirring, wakes up. Realizes he's been there all night.

He sits there a moment. Then, puts his hand into the beam of  
sunlight ... a funny sensation coming over him.

He gets up, quickly, follows the BEAM - out his office - into  
the HALLWAY. To a window. He peers out -

to the hospital grounds, below. Birds chirp in the early  
morning sun, dew is still on the grass. And on the bench by  
the fountain ... sits a solitary FIGURE.

Powell can tell from the back - that it is Prot.

71 EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - IN A QUICK MINUTE

71

As Powell, tie loose, suit wrinkled, hair disheveled, races  
across the grounds to Prot, who hears him coming up, behind.

PROT  
Doctor Powell, I presume.

POWELL  
Where the hell have you been!?

PROT  
Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland,  
Iceland -

POWELL  
Cut the crap! We've been searching  
for you for three days!

Prot regards Powell, not a little put off by his attitude.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED:

71

PROT

I believe I mentioned my taking a trip  
up north in one of our sessions, Mark.  
You really should keep track.

POWELL

Taking a trip!?  
(looks around, with a mad  
laugh, then back to Prot)  
You're a patient here! You don't get  
out of here without a discharge.  
Nobody does! Nobody has, nobody ever  
will! And don't, don't give me that  
beam of light shit. Because I don't  
buy it!

Prot shifts his glasses away, somewhat confused and disturbed.  
As Powell sits down next to him. Powell's eyes remain,  
intently, on him.

POWELL

What would you say - if I were to tell  
you that I don't believe you took any  
trip to Iceland, Greenland, or any  
place? That I don't believe you're  
from K-PAX. That I believe you are as  
human as I am.

PROT

I would say you were in need of a  
thorazine drip, Doctor.

Powell walked right into that one.

POWELL

Then, I appeal to your intelligence.  
Can't you at least admit the  
possibility that I might be right?

PROT

I will admit the possibility. If you  
will admit the possibility that I am  
from K-PAX.

Powell realizes, at this moment, just how much this "being"  
has gotten under his skin. It is also, at this moment, he  
senses his opportunity:

POWELL

Well, there is ... one way you could  
convince me beyond any doubt. Of  
course, I'd need your consent.

\*  
\*

CONTINUED



71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

Prot's glasses meet Powell's eyes, unsurely.

POWELL

It's called hypnosis. It's more  
like --

\*  
\*

PROT

I'm familiar with the term, Mark.  
After all, I have read most of your  
medical books during my time here.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(beat, resistant)  
I do not see the point.

POWELL

Well, let me tell you what your  
alternative is. A trip to a place  
where they'll stick a needle in your  
ass every morning, which may - or may  
not - leave you with a stupid grin on  
your face for the rest of your days  
here on Earth. Is that what you'd  
like? Because - believe me - I'll be  
forced to sign a transfer before July  
27th!

\*  
\*

For a long moment, Prot is silent. He looks, disquietly, out  
at the birds and the trees and the high brick wall.

Powell's voice becomes gentle, earnest.

\*

POWELL

I want to help you, Prot.

\*  
\*

PROT

(smiles)

You have. You've provided me with a  
place to stay while I write my report.  
You've fed me. The fruit is  
wonderful --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

POWELL

I don't mean that kind of help.

\*  
\*

The resistance on Prot's brow begins to cave, as he struggles  
with Powell's request.

\*  
\*

PORTER

Let me help you, Prot.

\*  
\*

A long beat. Prot brings his eyes back to Powell.

\*

71 CONTINUED: (3)

71

PROT

Nobody needs. Nobody wants. Nobody  
on K-PAX misses me --- there would be  
no reason to. But when I leave here,  
I will be missed.

(beat)

A strange feeling.

POWELL

You don't have to leave, Prot. I'm  
sure there must be some way for me to  
help you...

(off Prot's look)

...to stay. As one of us.

Prot looks at Powell. Squeezes his knee.

PROT

I'll miss you, Doctor Powell.

Prot exits. On Powell, as he watches Prot enter the hospital.

CUT TO:

A72 INT. MONITORING ROOM - BEHIND A ONE-WAY-MIRROR - DAY

A72

Chakraborty, wearing headphones with a mouthpiece, sits at a  
heart and pulse MONITOR. A pulse rate beeps on it. \*

WE MOVE THROUGH THE ONE-WAY MIRROR INTO -- \*

72 INT. SPECIAL EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

72 \*

Windowless, subdued lighting. Prot is reclined in a special  
CHAIR. His dark glasses rest on his lap. A wire monitor is  
patched to one wrist, and another to his chest, beneath his  
shirt. Despite this, he looks comfortable. \*

More so than Powell, who, wearing a tiny EARPHONE, sits facing  
him. Nevertheless, Powell keeps his voice calm. \*

POWELL

What we're going to be doing, Prot, is  
kind of like - daydreaming. When you  
daydream - you go into a natural  
trance.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

A72 INT. MONITORING ROOM - BEHIND A ONE-WAY-MIRROR - DAY

A72

Chakraborty, wearing headphones with a mouthpiece, sits at a heart and pulse MONITOR. A pulse rate beeps on it.

WE MOVE THROUGH THE ONE-WAY MIRROR INTO --

72 INT. SPECIAL EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

72

Windowless, subdued lighting. Prot is reclined in a special CHAIR. His dark glasses rest on his lap. A wire monitor is patched to one wrist, and another to his chest, beneath his shirt. Despite this, he looks comfortable.

More so than Powell, who, wearing a tiny EARPHONE, sits facing him. Nevertheless, Powell keeps his voice calm.

POWELL

What we're going to be doing, Prot, is kind of like - daydreaming. When you daydream - you go into a natural trance.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED:

72

POWELL (CONT'D)

We're just going to help induce that  
trance. Kind of daydream together.  
Are you ready?

PROT

When you are.

POWELL

Good. I want you to keep your arms at  
your sides and your legs uncrossed.  
Focus your attention on the white spot  
in front of you. Do you see it?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Prot looks at the bright CIRCLE on the otherwise bare wall.

PROT

Of course ...

POWELL

Good ... I want you to keep your eyes  
on that spot ... don't take your eyes  
off of it. You don't have to use any  
effort to keep focused on that spot  
... it's easy ... so just relax, keep  
your eyes on that spot ... and keep  
listening to my voice ... Do you  
understand?

\*  
\*

Prot's clear, dark eyes are fixed on the white circle. His  
voice getting more relaxed.

PROT

Mark, you are talking to a K-PAXIAN ...

POWELL

(smiles)

I'm going to count from one to five.  
At the count of three your eyes will  
close and you will find yourself in a  
very nice, deep, comfortable, relaxed  
state of hypnosis. One, your eyes are  
starting to feel heavy now. Two, I  
want you to use your imagination.  
Imagine small lead weights on your  
eyelids making them heavier and  
heavier. Three, keep your eyes closed  
and let yourself go way, way down  
deep.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Prot's breathing becomes deeper, eyelids getting droopy, head  
beginning to tilt ...

A73 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

A73

Chakraborty eyes his monitors, carefully. Into his mouthpiece.

CONTINUED

A73 CONTINUED:

A73

CHAKRABORTY  
Pulse forty bpm.  
(attempting levity)  
I'd be concerned if he were human.

\*

73 OMITTED

73

74 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME

74

Powell stays fixed on Prot.

POWELL  
Four, let a wave of relaxation move  
all through your body starting at the  
top of your head pushing all the  
tension before it as it moves down  
your arms, through your hands and out  
your fingertips. Down your legs,  
through your feet and out your toes  
into the air. All of your tensions  
leaving your body as you go down even  
deeper and deeper. And five, going  
way way way down deep. You are now in  
a relaxed hypnotic state and you can  
hear everything I say.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Prot's shoulders slump. Eyes closed. Expression blank.

\*

75 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

75

Prot's pulse beeps slow and steady on the monitor.  
Chakraborty rubs his chin, stares at Prot through the one-way  
glass.

\*  
\*  
\*

76 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME

76

Powell stares at the hypnotized Prot, waits a beat:

POWELL  
Can you hear me?

A moment passes. Another. Then, Prot speaks ... lucidly,  
clearly, but as if through a long distance.

PROT  
Yes.

POWELL  
(relieved)  
Good.  
(then, carefully)  
I'm going to count to three. When I  
get to three I want you to open your  
eyes. But you will remain relaxed.  
One ... two ... three.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Prot's eyes open. They are as blank as the rest of his  
expression.

\*  
\*

POWELL  
How do you feel?

\*  
\*

PROT  
Like ... nothing.

\*  
\*

POWELL  
That's exactly how you should feel.  
Now ... I want you to go back in time  
... it is no longer the present. You  
are becoming younger. Younger ... and  
younger ...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Prot's brow knits. His eyes move, as if watching something.

\*

POWELL  
(watching, closely)  
What do you see?

\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUED

75 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

75

Prot's pulse beeps slow and steady on the monitor.  
Chakraborty rubs his chin, stares at Prot through the one-way glass.

76 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME

76

Powell stares at the hypnotized Prot, waits a beat:

POWELL  
Can you hear me?

A moment passes. Another. Then, Prot speaks ... lucidly, clearly, but as if through a long distance.

PROT  
Yes.

POWELL  
(relieved)  
Good.

\*

Prot's eyes open. They are as blank as the rest of his expression.

POWELL  
How do you feel?

PROT  
Like ... nothing.

POWELL  
That's exactly how you should feel.  
Now ... I want you to go back in time  
... it is no longer the present. You  
are becoming younger. Younger ... and  
younger ...

Prot's brow knits. His eyes move, as if watching something.

POWELL  
(watching, closely)  
I want you to recall the first  
experience you remember. What do you  
see?

\*  
\*  
\*

Prot makes a slight movement.

\*

POWELL  
What was that? What do you see?

\*  
\*

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED:

76

PROT  
I see ... a casket. Silver ... with  
a blue lining ...

IN THE MONITORING ROOM - Chakraborty sits forward, with avid  
interest. \*

POWELL  
Whose casket is it?

PROT  
A man's.

POWELL  
Who is the man?

Prot hesitates a moment.

POWELL (CONT'D)  
Don't be afraid. You can tell me.

PROT  
It is the father of a friend of mine.

POWELL  
What is his name? \*

Prot's voice comes out soft, sing-song, like a little boy. \*

PROT  
Not telling. \*

Powell regards him, confused, attempting:

POWELL  
Is your friend a boy or a girl? \*

PROT  
(squirming in the chair)  
A boy.

77 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

77

Chakraborty, watching, in amazement. \*

CHAKRABORTY  
He's regressed ... \*

78 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME

78

Powell, realizing he's talking to a child now, proceeds:

POWELL  
How old is he?

CONTINUED



78 CONTINUED:

78

PROT

Six.

POWELL

How old are you?

Prot makes an "I don't know" face, scratches his head. His entire body language has become that of a little boy.

POWELL (CONT'D)

What is your name?

Prot shrugs, again, as if not knowing.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Do you live with the boy?

PROT

(rubbing his nose)

Nope.

POWELL

Visiting him?

Prot nods vigorously with a wide, childlike smile.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Where do you live?

PROT

Way, far away.

POWELL

(trying another tack)

Do you know how your friend's father died?

PROT

(looking sad)

He had an accident ... where he worked.

POWELL

He was killed in an accident?

(as Prot shakes his head  
no)

He was hurt and died later?

(as Prot nods)

Where did he work?

PROT

At a place where they kill cows.

Powell cannot hide his excitement, knows he's onto something.

POWELL

A slaughterhouse?

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

PROT  
A place where they kill cows.

POWELL  
Where is this place?

Prot begins to fidget uneasily in his seat.

79 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

79

Chakraborty checks the monitor.

CHAKRABORTY  
(heedfully)  
Pulse just shot up ten bpm.

A80 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME

A80\*

Powell slows down, voice calm.

POWELL  
Do you know ... where this place is?

Prot scratches his head again, fidgets, gives another "I don't know" shrug.

POWELL  
Okay. I'd like you to move forward in  
time now ...

Before Powell can say another word, Prot's eyes are already moving ... as if his whole body is in motion. He sits up straighter, older, demeanor changing.

POWELL  
(watching him, intently)  
Where are you?

PROT  
Night time. We're in his house.

POWELL  
The other boy's house?

PROT  
Yeah. I want him to come outside.

POWELL  
Why?

Prot lifts his eyes to the ceiling, with an expansive smile.

PROT  
To look at the stars. That's where I  
came from, you know.

CONTINUED

A80 CONTINUED:

A80

A long, slow look of discouragement comes over Powell's features. It is all he can do to hold it in. But then ... his expression changes, suddenly undersanding. He takes a stab:

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

POWELL  
Is your name ... Prot?

\*  
\*

PROT  
Wow! How did you know.

\*  
\*

B80 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

B80\*

Chakraborty, too, understands. Whispers into his mouthpiece.

\*

CHAKRABORTY  
Of course, Prot is an imaginary  
friend - invented by this young boy!

\*  
\*  
\*

80 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME

80

Powell, energized by the realization, continues:

POWELL  
Where do you come from, Prot?

PROT  
From the planet K-PAX. It's in the  
constellation Lyra.

POWELL  
You know all the constellations?

PROT  
Yup. Most of 'em.

POWELL  
Does your friend know them too?

PROT  
Sure. After his Dad was hurt at work  
and had to stay home? They got a  
telescope. His Dad taught him all  
about the constellations. Only -  
(with a big sigh)  
- he's not interested in 'em right now.

POWELL  
Why not?

Prot starts to fidget again, uncomfortable, squirming in his  
seat.

\*  
\*

PROT  
Something happened. That's why he  
called me. He calls me whenever  
something bad happens.

POWELL  
(understanding)  
Like when his father died.

PROT  
That's right.

POWELL  
What happened today?

PROT  
(lip trembling a little)  
His dog was run over by a truck.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED:

80

POWELL

I'm sorry to hear that. How does he  
call you? How do you know to come?

PROT

Dunno. I just sorta know it.

POWELL

How did you get to Earth?

PROT

Dunno. I just came.

81 OMITTED

81

82 OMITTED

82

83 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

83

Chakraborty, understanding ...

\*

CHAKRABORTY

He's too young to have figured out  
light travel yet.

\*

\*

\*

A84 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME

A84\*

Powell watches as Prot really starts twisting impatiently.

\*

PROT

Can I go outside now?

\*

\*

B84 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

B84\*

CHAKRABORTY

(cautioning)

Read his body language, Mark. I don't  
think he wants to talk any more, today.

\*

\*

\*

\*

84 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME

84

Powell hides his disappointment with a pleasant voice.

POWELL

Okay ... Prot, I want you to stay  
relaxed. Think about the stars. I'm  
going to start counting backwards now,  
from five to one. As I count ... you  
will become more and more alert.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(MORE)

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED:

84

POWELL (CONT'D)

On the count of one, I'll snap my  
fingers and you will be wide awake,  
and feeling refreshed. Five -- you're  
starting to come out of it now.  
Four -- you're becoming more alert.  
Three -- you're even more alert.  
Two -- you're starting to wake... And  
one ...

(snaps his fingers)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Prot's head bobs, like someone who's suddenly realized he's  
fallen asleep. His eyes blink.

PROT

When do we begin?

POWELL

It's already over.

Prot eyes him, slyly.

PROT

The old fastest gun in the West  
routine.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

Powell just blows imaginary smoke from his fingers.

PROT (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
Well, I hope it was helpful.

85 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

85

Powell hovers around Mrs. Trexler, who is at her computer.  
His thoughts are racing ahead of him.

POWELL  
Let's find the locations of all  
slaughterhouses operating in the  
United States. I mean, how many can  
there be?

MRS. TREXLER  
(not having the foggiest)  
I ... I don't know ...

POWELL  
Eliminate the ones in or near large  
cities. Concentrate on small towns,  
rural areas -  
(as if imagining it)  
Someplace where you can see the stars.  
(beat)  
Joyce ...

He looks at her. And she can see that there is a desperation  
beginning to show in his eyes.

POWELL (CONT'D)  
We've only got six days.

A86 HALLWAY ON POWELL'S FLOOR

A86\*

Powell walks down hallway. Mushroom lights stand in hall.

\*

86 INT. WARD 2 - PROT'S ROOM - DAY

86

As Prot gives Howie a nod and a smile, then turns back to  
writing in his red notebook.

Howie, with a purposeful smile, marches down the HALLWAY. He  
carries a stack of BLANK PAPER and a bunch of fat pencils.

87 INT. WARD 2 - DAY ROOM - SAME

87

There is an unspoken tension in the air. Sal plays solitaire, distractedly. Ernie sits, sneaking glances at the others around the room.

Mrs. Archer comes in, holds up two plastic CUPS, in a quandary.

CONTINUED



87 CONTINUED:

87

MRS. ARCHER

Should I bring the crystal or leave it here? I suppose I won't really need it on K-PAX. I don't even know what they drink.

SAL

Dream on, sister. He can only take one of us with him. Why the hell would he take a stinker like you. He's taking me.

MRS. ARCHER

How dare you! I do not stink.

MARIA

(in street girl voice)

Fo'get it, ho. I'm the one's goin'!

ERNIE

(to Maria, with a timid but derisive snicker)

Yeah? Which - which one of you?

Howie suddenly plops the PAPER and PENCILS down on a table. He looks around, keenly, through his wire-rim glasses.

HOWIE

I've proposed an essay contest. To decide who will go with Prot. I've spoken with him. And he's agreed to read them all by July 27th.

There is the screeching of chairs as everyone comes over to grab a sheet of paper. Everyone except Russell and Bess.

HOWIE (CONT'D)

Russell?

Russell stands there, wringing his stringy beard, torn between his Bible and the stack of paper. He tentatively takes a sheet.

HOWIE (CONT'D)

Bess?

Bess turns slowly from the TV. Views the stack of paper, then her fellow inmates. For the first time, as she smiles, we see the depth of sadness and dejection in her eyes.

BESS

K-PAX sounds like too good a place. They wouldn't take somebody like me ...

She turns back to the TV.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

HOWIE  
Suit yourself.

Everyone suddenly shuts up, looks nonchalant - as Prot enters.  
He takes note of them all, warmly, like they were family.  
Russell, fingering his dog-eared Bible, slowly approaches.

RUSSELL  
Would I ... would I get to take my  
Bible to K-PAX?

Prot considers him. Sees how deeply the question is etched on  
Russell's tormented brow. He gives Russell an assuring smile.

PROT  
Of course, Russell.

Russell's features quiver with elation.

A88 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

A88\*

Powell positions several orb-like LAMPS around the room. He  
does so carefully, with purpose, as if setting a stage. He  
turns them all on. Then goes over and flicks off the sterile  
room lights.

He takes stock of the darkened room. Satisfied.

B88 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

B88\*

Chakraborty views the lights, and Powell, through the window.  
Figuring there must be a method to his madness.

88 INT. MPI - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

88

Prot stares beyond the white circle, already in a hypnotic  
trance. Powell begins, calmly, but with a hint of more  
urgency.

POWELL  
Last time you told me about your Earth  
friend and his father's death. Do you  
remember?

PROT  
Of course.

POWELL  
Good. Now, I want you to think back  
again ... but not so far back as last  
time.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED:

88

Prot slouches in the chair, limbs becoming gangly, adopting a teenager's insouciance. He chews imaginary gum. Then starts acting as if he's conversing with someone ...

POWELL (CONT'D)  
(witnessing this  
transformation,  
venturing)  
Is your friend there with you now?

PROT  
Yeah.

POWELL  
Can he hear us?

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED:

88

PROT  
What do you think? He's not deaf.

POWELL  
(attempting)  
May I speak with him?

PROT  
He doesn't want to.

POWELL  
Will he tell me his name, at least?

PROT  
No way.

Powell hides his frustration behind his smile.

POWELL  
Well, we have to call him something.  
How about - Pete?

PROT  
That's not his name, but whatever  
thrills you.

MONITORING ROOM - Chakraborty can't help a little chuckle.

POWELL  
What year is it?

PROT  
Nineteen eighty-four.

POWELL  
How old are you?

PROT  
A hundred and seventy-five.

POWELL  
(getting an idea)  
And how old is Pete?

PROT  
Seventeen.

POWELL  
(making light of it)  
And he's still okay hanging around  
with someone from K-PAX? I mean, what  
do his friends think?

PROT  
(shrugs)  
They don't know about me.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

POWELL

Tell me about Pete.

Prot pauses, as if conjuring Pete inside him. He puts on a complicated frown.

POWELL

What happened? Is there a problem?  
(discerning)  
Is that why he called you?

Prot nods.

POWELL

What's the problem?

PROT

He has a girlfriend.

Powell searches Prot's face. It is the pinched face of a worried seventeen-year-old.

POWELL

The problem is with his girlfriend?

Prot sighs, his frown intensifies.

PROT

She's ... pregnant.  
(lamentably)  
He can see what's coming. Get married, have a bunch of kids, take the same job that killed his dad.

POWELL

Does he blame her for this?

PROT

(taken aback)

No, no. He loves her. He just ... hates the chains people shackle themselves with. We don't have all that crap on K-PAX.

Powell sits back, stymied, presses on.

POWELL

All right. Listen carefully ... I'm going to ask you to come forward in time again ... say two weeks ...

Prot sheds the worried seventeen-year-old face for a wide smile of solace.

POWELL

What do you see?

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED: (3)

88

PROT

A forest ... with lots of soft places  
to lie down, and fruit trees ... and  
all kinds of wonderful beings ...

POWELL

(realizes, vexingly)  
You're on K-PAX?

PROT

It's good to be home ...

POWELL

(with frustration)  
All right - let's come forward in time  
again. A year ... two years ...

PROT

(as if seeing it)  
On the planet Tersipion in what you  
would call the constellation Taurus.  
Orange and green everywhere ...

POWELL

Prot - what I'd like - is for you to  
come forward in time to your next  
visit to Earth.

Prot appears to be traveling through his head.

PROT

Of course. Uh, let's see ... no,  
still on Tersipion ... no, back on  
K-PAX. March.

(smiling)

Yes, your March. That delightful time  
in your Northern Hemisphere when the  
ice on the streams is melting.

POWELL

This is March ... of what year?

PROT

Ninety. According to your Earth  
calendar.

\*

POWELL

And your friend Pete called you?

PROT

Not for anything in particular. He  
just wants someone to talk things over  
with now and then.

POWELL

Tell me about him now ...

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED: (4)

88

Powell watches, in amazement, as Prot transforms his entire persona to reflect a lumbering docility.

PROT  
He works. Same place his father and grandfather did.

POWELL  
The slaughterhouse.

PROT  
Yessir, the old butchery.  
(in disgust)  
He's a knocker.

POWELL  
A knocker?

PROT  
The guy who knocks the cows in the head so they don't struggle when their throats are slit. I know, barbaric, isn't it?

Powell considers him with a deep look, imagining this.

POWELL  
Does he still live in the same town?

PROT  
Outside of town. An old place he fixed up. It's not much, but it's got a couple of acres ... and trees, and a river.  
(smiles, imagining it)  
Reminds me a little of K-PAX, except for the river.

POWELL  
Tell me ... did he marry that pregnant girl?

PROT  
What a memory! Yes, they're married. But she's no longer pregnant. That was six years ago.

POWELL  
I've forgotten her name.

PROT  
S ...  
(stops, wary)  
I never told you her name.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED: (5)

88

POWELL  
(taking a chance)  
Can you tell me now?

\*  
\*  
\*

89 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

89

Chakraborty sits forward, not knowing what to expect. He  
watches Prot's PULSE RATE beep steady ...

\*  
\*

90 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME

90

Prot sits there, shoulders rising and falling with several  
thoughtful breaths. Finally, quietly, he says:

\*  
\*

PROT  
Sarah.

\*  
\*

ON POWELL, barely concealing his elation.

\*

POWELL  
Did they have a son or daughter?

\*  
\*

Prot's eyelids squinch, fondly. Then, in a soft, tender  
breath:

\*  
\*

PROT  
Rebecca ... her birthday's next week.

\*  
\*

STAY ON Powell a moment ... moved by this.

\*

91 OMITTED  
THRU  
96

91 \*  
THRU  
96



97 INT. POWELL'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

97

Powell lies in bed, wide awake. He looks over at Rachel, asleep, curled away from him. A knit on her brow. He leans over, kisses her, softly enough that she doesn't waken ...

98 OMITTED

98

99 INT. MPI CLINIC - EVENING

99

As Powell and Villers hurry off the elevator - Chakraborty is waiting for them. They head for the EMERGENCY ROOM.

\*  
\*

VILLERS  
What happened?

\*  
\*

CHAKRABORTY  
Howie tried to kill Ernie.

\*  
\*

POWELL  
What!?

\*  
\*

They enter the EMERGENCY ROOM - to find Ernie sitting up in a BED, hands behind his head. A beatific smile on his face.

\*  
\*

CHAKRABORTY  
(reassuring him)  
Not to worry. He is very fine.

ERNIE  
I feel wonderful, Doctor Powell,  
absolutely wonderful!

POWELL  
For God's sake, Ernie, what happened!?

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED:

99

ERNIE

My good friend Howie just about  
strangled me to death.

Villers and Powell stare at Howie, at a complete loss. As he  
throws his head back with a laugh, the red abrasion on his  
neck clearly visible.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

That old son-of-a-bitch, I love him!

VILLERS

(looks from Ernie to Chak)  
I don't understand.

ERNIE

Oh, you should've seen it!

(excitedly)

I was asleep. You know - the way I  
like, with my hands tied and  
everything? He wrapped something  
around my neck, handkerchief or  
something - and tightened it up -

(with a crazy giggle)

- and there wasn't a goddamn thing I  
could do about it!

(then, almost trembling

with excitement)

Well, when I stopped breathing -- he  
lifted me onto a gurney and ran me up  
here. They got me going again in a  
hurry - and when I woke up --

Ernie grabs Powell, with a look of revelation.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

You know what I realized, Doctor  
Powell? Dying - is something you have  
no control over. So why waste your  
life being afraid of it?

Powell sees the confidence in Ernie's eyes ... and begins to  
get an uneasy feeling as to who's really behind this.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

From now on? I'm gonna sleep on my  
stomach. I'll eat fish with bones -  
I'll - I'll swallow the biggest pill  
you can find! Bring it ON, BABY!

100 INT. WARD 4 - SECLUSION ROOM - EVENING

100

Windowless, padded walls. As the heavy door opens, Powell and  
Villers step inside ... they wear serious, careful expressions.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED:

100

But Howie, sitting in the corner, calmly - cuts Powell a wide, proud smile.

HOWIE

I cured him. Didn't I? Prot says one more task and I'll be cured, too.  
(a big twinkle in his eye)  
And then it's ... bon voyage!

Villers' expression changes.

\*

A101 INT. WARD 4 - HALLWAY - IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES

A101

As an ATTENDANT locks back the seclusion cell door and walks away. Leaving Powell and Villers standing there.

\*

\*

Powell brings his eyes to her. Villers' look is harsh, the weight of her authority behind it.

\*

\*

POWELL

The hypnosis is working, Claudia. I know it. I'm this close. I just need -

\*

\*

\*

\*

VILLERS

This isn't just about Prot any more, Mark. It's about all the patients.

\*

\*

\*

His eyes stay on her. Doesn't want to admit she's right.

\*

VILLERS

Ultimately, they're my patients. So, now, I'm going to make a decision. And here it is. You've run out of time.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

101 INT. WARD 2 ART ROOM - NIGHT

101

Powell stands in the ART ROOM, alone. He looks around, taking in all the paintings and the clay sculptures. Every single one of them ... depicts space travel. There are crazy planets ... bursts of stars ... and spaceships ... and beams of light ...

102 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

102

Powell tears JULY 23 off his desk calendar - revealing JULY 24TH. He considers the new date, soberly. Crumpling the old one up, tightly, in his hand. He stares at the diplomas on his wall ...

Then comes into his OUTER OFFICE. Above Mrs. Trexler's desk, on the wall - is a MAP of the United States. RED PINS show the locations of slaughterhouses.

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED:

102

He stares at the dozens and dozens of red pins ... a flicker of fear in his eyes. Fear of failure.

POWELL

Tell me your name ... damnit, tell me your name!

103 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

103

Prot sits hypnotized once more, a peaceful, blank expression on his face.

But Powell wears the weight of determination on his.

POWELL

I'm going to give you a specific date ... and I want you to remember where you were and what you were doing on that day. Do you understand?

PROT

Perfectly, my dear sir.

Powell takes a moment, prepares himself for what he is about to do.

POWELL

The date ... is July 27th. Nineteen ninety-six.

\*

104 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

104

Chakraborty checks the monitors, beeping steady.

105 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME

105

There is no hint of shock or emotion on Prot's face. He only smiles.

PROT

I'm on K-PAX ...

Powell closes his eyes, ready to burst with frustration.

POWELL

Are you sure?

PROT

Quite sure, guv'nor. I am harvesting kropins for a meal. That is a fungi, something like your truffles. Big truffles. Delicious. Do you like truffles?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED:

105

PROT (CONT'D)  
(brow knitting)  
Wait ... there it is ...

Powell regards him, keener now.

POWELL  
What? Is it Pete?

PROT  
Yes ... I feel that he needs me.  
(beat)  
Now I am on Earth. I am with him.

POWELL  
With Pete?

PROT  
Yes.

POWELL  
Where are you? What are you doing?

Prot's face becomes blank, expressionless, almost alien-like.  
His voice that of an outside observer ...

PROT  
By a river in back of his house. It  
is dark. He is taking off his clothes.

POWELL  
(trying to follow)  
Why is he doing that?

Prot's features tremble, as if a shiver passes through him.

PROT  
He ...

IN THE MONITORING ROOM, the monitors beep steady ...

POWELL  
He what? What is he doing?

PROT  
He ... is trying to kill himself.

A look of revelation comes on Powell's face.

106 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME

106

Chakraborty, stunned, sits back in his seat.

\*

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED: 106

CHAKRABORTY \*

Jesus ... \*

(then, into his \*

mouthpiece) \*

Jesus, Mark ... we're not prepared for \*

this. I think ... I think you should \*

calm him down and bring him back. \*

107 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME 107

Powell hears, but chooses to ignore, too intent on getting \*

through to Prot, now. \*

CHAKRABORTY (OVER POWELL'S EARPIECE) \*

Mark, do you hear me? \*

Powell stares at Prot. His whisper intended for Chakraborty. \*

POWELL \*

Not now ... \*

108 INT. MONITORING ROOM - SAME 108

CHAKRABORTY \*

Mark, with all due respect ... I have \*

to speak in an official capacity now. \*

109 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - SAME 109

Powell remains fixed on Prot. Knowing he's about to cross the \*

line. \*

POWELL

Why does he want to kill himself?

IN THE MONITORING ROOM, Chakraborty can't believe this. He \*

braces himself. \*

PROT

Because ... something terrible has \*

happened. \*

POWELL

Has he done something, Prot? Has he \*

done something ... he shouldn't have? \*

PROT

He doesn't want to talk about it. \*

POWELL

Do you know what happened? \*

PROT

No. \*

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED:

109

POWELL

No? Doesn't he tell you everything  
that happens to him?

PROT

Not any more ...

POWELL

Prot, I'm trying to help him! I can't  
help him, unless he tells me what  
happened.

\*  
\*  
\*

PROT

He knows that.

POWELL

Then why won't he tell me?

\*  
\*

Prot's breathing grows heavy, fighting a visible shudder of  
remorse.

IN THE MONITORING ROOM - Prot's pulse monitor starts beeping  
rapidly.

\*  
\*

Prot's voice becomes a sober whisper, as if glimpsing the  
secret in the deepest place of his soul.

\*  
\*

PROT

Because then ... you would know what  
even he doesn't want to know ...

\*  
\*  
\*

POWELL

Then you have to help him, Prot! Help  
him tell me what happened.

\*  
\*  
\*

PROT

He doesn't want to talk about it. Are  
you fucking deaf!?

\*  
\*  
\*

POWELL

But time is running out for him!

\*  
\*

PROT

Time is running out for everyone.  
(grimly)  
He jumps in. He is floating ...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Prot's eyelids flutter, as if trying to keep a dispassionate  
distance from what he is seeing.

\*  
\*

110 INT. MONITORING ROOM

110

Chakraborty, with alarm, watches Prot's pulse rate keep rising.

\*

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED:

110

CHAKRABORTY

Pulse is up to a hundred and ten,  
respiration's up to twenty-five! For  
God's sake, Mark - BRING HIM BACK!!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

111 INT. EXAMINING ROOM

111

POWELL

Save him, Prot! You are his friend,  
you can save him.

\*  
\*  
\*

PROT

I am his friend. That is why I won't  
interfere ...

\*  
\*  
\*

POWELL

Save him!

\*  
\*

PROT

No! There is no chance ... the  
current is too strong ...

\*  
\*  
\*

He starts coughing, as if full of water. Slowly ... as Powell  
watches, riveted ... Prot slips out of his chair and onto his  
knees ... putting his arms around himself.

\*  
\*  
\*

PROT

I ... cannot ...

\*  
\*

He is shivering now. Shivering so violently that the shivers  
come out his nose in snorts.

\*  
\*

IN THE MONITORING ROOM - Chakraborty stands, spellbound.

\*

POWELL

Listen to me, Prot. Listen to me ...  
you've helped a lot of patients here.  
You helped Mrs. Archer, you helped  
Howie, and Ernie. I'm going to ask  
you to help cure Pete. Let's call it  
a - task. I want you ... to let me  
speak to him.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Prot, kneeling there, shivering, snorting, shakes his head in  
stiff resistance.

\*  
\*

POWELL

If he's listening, I want him to know  
he can trust me. I want him to know  
... that if it was ... Sarah - or  
Rebecca - he did something bad to -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly, Prot opens his eyes. He shakes his head, horrified,  
as if Powell doesn't understand.

\*  
\*

CONTINUED



111 CONTINUED:

111

PROT

N-n-n-n-n-n. No. He - he - he -

As Powell watches, in alarm now - Prot's features transform from horror into seething murderous rage -- into bottomless anguish.

PROT

Oh, God - Oh, God - Oh, God - Oh,  
God - Ohhhhhhh GOOOOOOOOOOOOOD!!

IN THE MONITORING ROOM - Chakraborty tears his headphones off. Presses a CODE RED BUTTON on the wall.

Prot's SCREAM continues - tapering off into a sobbing animal-like wail. He kneels there, pressing his fists to his head, inconsolable.

Powell watches ... his alarm turning to a painful look, and finally, to one of profound compassion. He kneels down, picks Prot's glasses up from the floor. And Prot's notebook and pencil. Then ... puts his arm around Prot.

POWELL

It's okay, it's okay.

As McAllister rushes into the room, with a needle ready. And Navarro and Simms, with leather restraints. Powell, keeping hold of Prot, motions them back.

POWELL

(to Prot)

It's okay ...

Prot reaches out for Powell's arm, taking hold of it, taking his glasses ...

PROT

Yes, yes. It's okay.

Shakily, he puts the glasses on. And to everyone's surprise ... raises himself, regaining his breath, looking around.

PROT

Five ... four ... three ... two ...  
one. Yes, feeling fine. Feeling  
refreshed.

Powell just stares at him ...

112 OMITTED  
AND  
113

112\*  
AND  
113

114 OMITTED

114

115 INT. LATE TRAIN TO CONNECTICUT - DAY

115

Long gone are the Wall Street commuters. In fact, the only two souls on the deserted train car are Powell and a HOMELESS MAN.

Powell, wrung out, rides with an aimless look.

The HOMELESS MAN jabbars to himself, in a plastic Star Wars helmet and pink tights. Under a soiled trenchcoat, a faded sweatshirt reads: "Beam Me Up" ...

As Powell stares at him ... caught in the crazy loneliness of the man's babble ... his own full sense of failure hits him. Seized by the desire to do something, he fishes out his wallet to give the fellow a dollar. But as he does -

PROT'S PENCIL falls out of his pocket - onto the train floor.

Powell looks down at it, surprised. A beat. His eyes narrowing ...

The pencil is blue ... whittled down almost to nothing from use.

Powell reaches down, picks it up. Curious ... then ... with an inconceivable look ...

On the side of the pencil, almost worn out, is a word and a half "The Salva ..." And underneath it, what looks like an area code ... "505." All the rest has been long sharpened away.

115 CONTINUED:

115

POWELL  
I'm a son-of-a -

He scrambles to open his briefcase, goes for his cell phone - but the phone pocket is empty. He searches madly through the briefcase, checks his own jacket pockets. Must have left the damn phone at the office.

POWELL  
Shit!

As the train squeals to a stop, Powell squints out the window with unfamiliarity. No matter. He just gets off -

A116 EXT. RAISED TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

A116

Graffiti covers the platform. Powell has gotten off at 125th Street. He looks around for a pay phone. None. He runs down the metal stairs to the -

116 EXT. STREET UNDERNEATH - CONTINUOUS

116

This is Harlem. A radio booms rap from a Buick LeSabre on the corner. Several tough looking HOMIES hang around it. They view the white man with the briefcase, warily. Powell doesn't care. He makes a B-line for the -

PAY PHONE in front of an all-night grocery. He fishes coins out of his pocket, puts them in the phone. Holds the PENCIL up to the light to read the area code on it, and punches in a number ... waits ...

LONG DISTANCE OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)  
What city please?

POWELL  
Yes, yes - where is this!? Where am I calling - where are you?

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)  
(carefully)  
You've reached long distance information in New Mexico, sir.

POWELL  
(can't believe it)  
New Mexico! New Mexico!

The homies on the corner eye each other, not knowing what to make of Powell.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)  
What city please?

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED:

116

Powell looks at the pencil, mouthing the letters to himself  
... S-A-L-V-A ... then, realizing.

POWELL  
The Salvation Army ...

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)  
*I'm sorry sir, what city?*

A wild SHOUT escapes Powell. He hangs up. Thrusts more coins  
into the phone. Punches in another number, eyeing his watch,  
which says 11:30 p.m.

POWELL  
Joyce! Can you meet me in the office  
in 45 minutes?

\*  
\*

117 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

117

Mrs. Trexler, hastily put together, sits at her computer.  
Powell looking over her shoulder.

MRS. TREXLER  
There are a dozen Salvation Army  
stores in New Mexico -- Albuquerque,  
Las Cruces, Roswell -- wait a minute.  
There's one in Santa Rosa.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She looks up to her wall, at the MAP of slaughterhouses.  
Powell is right with her. As she moves her finger - to one of  
three RED PINS in New Mexico. The one stuck in a small town  
named *Guelph*.

POWELL  
(squinting at the map)  
Guelph, New Mexico. Looks pretty damn  
close to Santa Rosa.  
(to Trexler, excited)  
What's the biggest local newspaper for  
that region. Can we find that?

\*

Trexler gets out of one web site - onto another, exploring.  
Her fingers flying. Powell's eyes glued to her screen.

Then ... an amazed smile from Trexler.

MRS. TREXLER  
The Guadalupe County Observer -  
covering Guadalupe County.

POWELL  
(on a mission)  
Bring it up.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED:

117

MRS. TREXLER  
(working as fast as she  
can)  
It's a long shot.

POWELL  
It's our only shot.

In a moment, before them, on the screen appears The Guadalupe County Observer.

MRS. TREXLER  
We're lucky. They go back five years.

POWELL  
(incredibly grateful)  
Son-of-a-bitch. Let's go to July  
27th, nineteen ninety-five.

It takes her a few interminable moments, but she gets to the front page of the JULY 27TH, 1995 edition. They scan down the FRONT PAGE HEADLINES on the computer screen ... nothing.

POWELL  
Swap meet, forest fire, livestock  
sale. Damn. Wait -  
(thinking)  
Go to the 28th.

Mrs. Trexler punches up the 28th. The front page appears. Powell puts his finger on the screen -

POWELL  
There!

Guadalupe County Observer, front page, July 28th, 1995, reads:  
"DEADLY ATTACK LEADS TO MURDER, SUICIDE FOR GUELPH MAN".

Mrs. Trexler puts her hand to her mouth.

POWELL  
(reading it)  
Robert Porter ... drowned ...

He lets out an incredible laugh. Plants a kiss on a startled Mrs. Trexler's cheek.

POWELL  
His name is Robert Porter!

Mrs. Trexler looks back, troublingly, at the headline on the screen ... MURDER, SUICIDE ... not entirely sure.

118 INT. POWELL HOME - MORNING 118

Rachel, worried, hasn't slept, buttering Natalie's waffle and pouring herself some coffee - when the phone rings. She picks it up, quickly. Greatly relieved.

RACHEL  
Mark, I've been so worried, where -  
(incomprehensibly)  
You're flying ... to New Mexico?

119 EXT. ALBUQUERQUE AIRPORT - DAY 119

As a JET comes smoothly in for a landing ...

A120 EXT. GUELPH, NEW MEXICO - DAY A120

Powell drives from airport to Guelph in alien landscape of New Mexico. \*

120 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - GUELPH, NEW MEXICO - DAY 120

The SHERIFF, who walks with the gut and gait of a man used to his small town badge, flips through an old squeaky file cabinet.

While Powell sits against the edge of a desk, briefcase and coat in hand, waiting. The slow pace here is maddening. He can't help glance at the Cattleman's Bank DAY CALENDAR on the wall ... July 26th.

SHERIFF  
I remember the case, all right. Just  
about the biggest thing ever happened  
in these parts.  
(eyes Powell, wryly)  
We're not from New York City, you know.

He finds the file.

SHERIFF  
Porter. Robert Porter. Here it is.

He looks through it, remembering, with a regrettable shake of his head. Walks over to let Powell take a look.

SHERIFF  
Quiet type, I remember. Strong as a  
horse, though. Worked as a knocker.  
Lived 'bout twenty miles outside a'  
town, with his wife and child, sweet  
little girl. Wife was Indian.  
(beat)  
Pretty much kept to themselves.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED:

120

Powell is amazed by something he finds in the file.

POWELL  
Sarah. His wife's name was Sarah.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED:

120

SHERIFF

That's right. Good lookin' woman,  
too. Damn shame ... what happened.

He reaches for his hat on a hook, regards Powell.

SHERIFF

Got time to take a ride?

121 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY

121

As Powell stares up at the tall wooden STRUCTURE. It stands  
like a hellish, grinding furnace against the stark blue sky.

But to Powell, it is an affirmation of the truth. And as he  
lets out a silent laugh of awe, we WIDEN -

to take in the expanse of mooing ANGUS STEERS. Literally  
acres of them. The smell practically in our nostrils.

The Sheriff comes up, stands beside him.

SHERIFF

Yes, sir ... the old butchery.

Powell turns to him, astounded, at hearing that phrase.

SHERIFF

C'mon. I'll take you by the house.

122 EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY

122

As the Sheriff's CAR comes up a dirt road, to stop ...

at the RUINS of what was once an idyllic small farm. Powell  
climbs out of the car, slowly. Lets the place seep into his  
senses.

The Sheriff comes around the car, viewing the ruins, solemnly.

SHERIFF

Been empty. Nobody comes anywhere  
near here since ... all that happened.  
No living next of kin for the place to  
go to, anyway.

He takes his hat off, almost respectfully, and walks up the  
overgrown path. Powell following him -

up stone steps - into a HOUSE that is little more than pillars  
in the open air.

CONTINUED



122 CONTINUED:

122

A loveseat taken over by weeds, shards of dishes, a mirror, clumps of what were once books, toys ... is all that is left to testify that a family once lived here.

Powell's eyes fall, a moment, on the broken hammers of what was once a piano sound board ... as the Sheriff begins, grimly, quietly:

SHERIFF

Had detectives come from Albuquerque  
try an' piece this one together.  
Accordin' to the official story ...  
Porter was at work ... when this  
drifter, a Daryl Walker, came by the  
house. Two-time parolee, lookin' for  
trouble. Know what I'm sayin'?  
Started out as a robbery. Wife and  
daughter were out back ...

CLOSER ON POWELL ... he gazes out past the hinges of what once was a back door. He hears Prot's VOICE calling ... "Becky? Sarah?"

AND HE FLASHES ON:

PROT'S FACE. But it is now ROBERT PORTER'S FACE. A happy, tired humanity on it as he gets out of his truck, overalls stained after a hard day's work. He waits for his daughter to run out of the house and into his arms. Waits ...

But he is met with an eerie silence. Perplexed, he heads up the stone path - and into the HOUSE.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

What we gather ... from forensics and  
all, was that - this Walker - brought  
both women back in the house at  
gunpoint.

FOLLOWING PORTER - his boots trudge up the stairs, face growing worried at the silence.

PORTER

Becca ... Saree?

His breathing becomes quicker, panicked, as he moves down the narrow hallway ... sees a doll on the floor ... an overturned watering can ... he comes to the bedroom ...

AS WE COME BACK TO:

POWELL'S EYES, wide, shaken, listening to the Sheriff ...

SHERIFF (V.O.)

Raped the wife. Then shot them both.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

POWELL FLASHES ON:

THE BEDROOM ... blood everywhere ... hands tied to bedposts  
... naked legs splayed ... bare feet dangling over the sides  
of a bed.

ON PORTER ... witnessing this, eyes frozen. He wears the look  
of a man whose universe has, in one instant, shattered. And  
left him in the airless blackness of space. From deep within  
him comes a choking sound ...

SHERIFF (V.O.)

Porter must've come home, found Walker  
still here ...

Porter staggers back into the hallway - to see WALKER. Who,  
scared, takes out a gun. Dazed, but with an animal-like  
reflex, Porter knocks it out of his hand. They struggle for  
the gun, like two grunting beasts until Porter ... with an  
inhuman strength, grabs Walker's wrists, and pins him to the  
wall. Then raises his other fist ... a savage look coming  
into his eyes. A look built up over a lifetime of meekness.

AND WE STAY ON PORTER'S FACE - as, with a final savagery - he  
sends the side of his fist into Walker's neck ...

SHERIFF (V.O.)

And then knocked the son'n'bitch like  
an Angus steer ...

BACK TO

POWELL - as he closes his eyes.

POWELL

God all mighty ...

SHERIFF

Snapped a grown man's neck like it was  
a twig.

(looks tightly at Powell)  
Can't say I wouldn't've done the same.

The Sheriff puts his hat on, walks out, down the rubble of  
back steps. Powell follows him -

123 EXT. PORTER HOUSE - OUT BACK - DAY

123

As the Sheriff continues on, toward the trees, Powell lingers  
a moment. To view a withered vegetable garden. He approaches  
it, astonished ... to see ...

the remains of a LAWN SPRINKLER somehow saved from fire. It  
sits there in the grip of weeds, attached to a blackened hose.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED:

123

Along with the scorched handles of what's left of a child's jump rope. And as Powell stares at it ...

AN IMAGE FLASHES ACROSS HIS EYES:

A beautiful young woman, long black hair shining in the sun ... and a little girl, much like Natalie. They jump rope barefoot, innocently, happily, in the spray of water.

THEN ANOTHER IMAGE:

Dusk. Robert Porter, staggering out of the house. He kneels down, trying to wash the blood off his hands in the sprinkler, sees the jumprope ...

As Powell blinks the images from his mind ...

A FINAL ONE COMES TO HIM:

NIGHT ... Porter stands on the bank of a rushing RIVER. He stares, as if into nothing. Overalls spattered with the dried blood of both man and slaughtered cows. With one hand ... he rips off the straps, lets the overalls fall off him. With the other hand, he tears the shirt off his chest. Naked now ... devoid of any human expression ... he drops into the water ... letting it carry him away ...

SHERIFF (V.O.)

We found his clothes here. Probably where he jumped in ...

124 EXT. RIVER - DAY

124

Powell stares into the rushing white water. He and the Sheriff standing, carefully, on the bank. As the Sheriff continues, loudly, above the sound of rapids:

SHERIFF

This river's pretty treacherous, even in July. Got a hell of a current.

He looks downstream, thoughtfully, for a couple moments.

SHERIFF

Still ... I s'pose it might've been a mistake, officially, to list it as a drowning. Since the body was never found.

(beat, turns to Powell)

If that boy you got out there in New York is really Robert Porter ... I'd just as soon not know about it. You know what I mean?

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED:

124

Powell considers the Sheriff. Then the river. With a deep, poignant gaze.

124A INT. AIRPLANE - EVENING

124A

The last glow of the western sun shines through a plane window ... onto Powell's scotch and peanuts.

He sits there, looking through a copy of the Sheriff's FILE bearing the label: "Porter" ...

There are grizzly photos of the crime scene ... driver's license photo of Robert Porter ... mug shots of Walker. Glimpses of words from the report: "*Forced entry ... 25 cm gash ... thorax to abdomen ... blood ... semen ... the deceased: Sarah Porter, Rebecca Porter ...*

Beside Powell, resting on his briefcase, is also an old high school YEARBOOK ... from Guadalupe High School, 1985.

Powell closes the file, with sober reflection, and looks out his window ... at the first stars twinkling in the darkening sky.

A125 EXT. POWELL HOUSE - NIGHT

A125

As a taxi stops in front. And Powell steps out, with nothing but his briefcase. The clothes on his back stick to him. He is bone-weary. But the sight of his home fills him with emotion.

AB125 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - UPSTAIRS

AB125

Powell stands there in the doorway. Gazing upon his DAUGHTERS. Their angelic faces, as they sleep ...

He also notices Prot's star map ... the girls have tacked it up on their wall. It seems to fit right in with the twinkling moon and star wallpaper.

B125 INT. POWELL'S HOME - IN A FEW MOMENTS

B125

Powell steps quietly. The house is in some disarray.

Rachel lies on the couch in exhausted sleep, knots of worry on her brow.

He kneels down, and just drinks her in with his eyes. Takes phone from her hand, which has fallen, and gently lifts it back onto the couch. Not wanting to let her hand go. He gets up.

CONTINUED

B125 CONTINUED:

B125

She awakens, surprised that she'd fallen asleep. That tired.  
But when she sees him, she doesn't care. He's here now.

\*  
\*

RACHEL

Mark ...

He holds her tight.

POWELL

Shhh, let me just hold you ...

RACHEL

I called Joyce - you didn't come  
home - you didn't call - don't ever do  
this again.

POWELL

(whispers into her hair)

I won't, I won't.

She wipes tears of relief from her face, then collects  
herself, anxious to hear -

RACHEL

What happened?

Powell sits up with her.

\*

She looks up, at her husband. Sees the conflict on his face.

POWELL

I found what I was looking for.

\*

CONTINUED

B125 CONTINUED: (2)

B125

POWELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

To be truthful, Rachel ... I wish I hadn't.

He looks at her.

POWELL

Twenty-five years of practice under my belt. Never thought I'd say that.

It is then, he sees a NOTE by the mobile phone. He picks it up, curiously ... It says ... "Call Steve - Important".

\*  
\*

B125 (ALT) INT. POWELL'S HOME - IN A FEW MOMENTS

B125\*

Powell steps quietly. The house is in some disarray.

\*

Takes in Rachel. She lies on the couch in exhausted sleep, knots of worry on her brow.

\*

He comes over, gently takes the mobile phone out of her hand. He holds onto that hand. Doesn't want to let go of it ...

It is then, he sees a NOTE by the mobile phone. He picks it up, curiously ... It says ... "Call Steve - Important".

\*  
\*

C125 INT. PRINCETON OBSERVATORY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

C125\*

(PREVIOUSLY SHOT AS SCENE 56)

\*

Steve turns on a SPEAKER PHONE, around which sit Flynn, Patel and Hessler. Behind them are an array of COMPUTER SCREENS displaying STAR MAPS.

\*  
\*  
\*

STEVE

I'm puttin' you on speaker phone, Mark. I've got the boys here.

\*  
\*  
\*

Flynn takes the pipe from his mouth, leans toward the phone.

\*

FLYNN

We've been admiring your patient's star map, Doctor Powell.

\*  
\*  
\*

He looks down at Prot's hand-drawn STAR MAP. It looks like like scribbles and dots and swirls. A crude little arrow in the middle of the map points to a position labelled "Earth".

\*  
\*  
\*

FLYNN

To be honest, at first it looked like just a bunch of scribbles and dots.

\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

CONTINUED

C125 CONTINUED:

C125

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(studying it as he speaks)  
But then, we noticed - two spiraling  
smudges in the left quadrant - in  
relation to the position he indicates  
for Earth.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He turns to another COMPUTER SCREEN on which Steve brings up  
a real STAR MAP.

\*  
\*

FLYNN (CONT'D)

On our map, that's supposed to be the  
position of a neutron star called A45,  
that we estimate is several times  
smaller than our sun. Are you with me  
so far?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

D125 OMITTED

D125\*

E125 EXT. POWELL'S PATIO - NIGHT

E125\*

Powell stands, mobile phone to his ear, unsteadily...

\*

POWELL

\*

Uh...

\*

F125 INT. OBSERVATORY - SAME

F125\*

(PREVIOUSLY SHOT AS SCENE 58PT)

\*

Now Steve leans over to the phone again.

\*

STEVE

\*

See, Mark, the chart I generated was  
for the night sky as we see it from  
Earth - only transposed one thousand  
light years to where K-PAX is supposed  
to be. But ... I made a mistake. You  
see, from one thousand light years -  
we'd have a slightly different view of  
A45.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He holds PROT'S MAP next to yet another SCREEN ... on which  
there is a very large white star that seems to coincide -  
exactly - with Prot's TWO SMUDGES.

\*  
\*  
\*

STEVE

\*

We've analyzed Prot's map and compared  
the coordinates to the known star  
field. Where we thought there was  
only a neutron star, he has drawn what  
appears to be a star and an accretion  
disc.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

G125 EXT. POWELL'S PATIO - NIGHT

G125\*

Powell squints up at the night sky, then, into the phone.

POWELL  
Accretion disc?

FLYNN  
The data related to the stars in this  
area suggests the existence of a body  
of enormous mass.

AH125 INT. OBSERVATORY - SAME

AH125

(PREVIOUSLY SHOT AS SCENE 58PT)

STEVE  
No, we're going to double-check with  
the Keck in Hawaii - but I'm pretty  
sure your boy just confirmed the  
existence of a suspected black hole.

Flynn moves closer to the phone, attempting:

FLYNN  
Believe me, Doctor Powell, I know how  
crazy this sounds ... but, there is no  
way someone could guess this, or  
intuit a map like this -  
(no other way to say it)  
- unless he had actually been there  
... to this planet K-PAX.

H125 EXT. POWELL'S PATIO - SAME - NIGHT

H125\*

Powell, dazed. He lowers the phone for a moment. Even as we  
hear Steve talking through it -

STEVE (V.O.)  
We can't sit on this, Mark. There are  
a lot of other labs that would love to  
make this announcement. You  
understand.

Powell raises the phone again. Doesn't know what to say into  
it, except -

POWELL  
Steve, please don't do anything for a  
couple of days. I really appreciate  
that. Thank you for your input.

Powell looks at the starry night.



125 INT. HOSPITAL - WARD 2 - EVENING

125

ERNIE, wearing a PARTY HAT, blows a NOISEMAKER.

There are streamers everywhere. A festive BANNER strung across the day room reads: "BON VOYAGE, PROT!" The entire WARD is in party hats.

At a table, Howie is busy collecting "Why I Want To Go To K-PAX" ESSAYS. We see the handwritten titles, some in crayon, as they are put in a pile.

Howie looks up, surprised - as Navarro slips him an essay.

126 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - EVENING

126

Powell looks down at the dog-eared cover of an old Guadalupe HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK, 1985. From Guadalupe County, New Mexico. It sits on his desk. He looks at it, thinking hard.

Then takes out a bottle of SCOTCH and two tumblers. Places them beside the yearbook. He pours himself a tumbler. Downs it. And just stands there, preparing himself, waiting ...

In a couple moments, his door opens. And Prot enters. Powell puts on a smile.

POWELL

Have a seat.

Prot eyes him, carefully, sitting.

POWELL (CONT'D)

All packed? Ready to go?

PROT

Quite ready. I travel light.

(beat, smiles perplexedly)

That's a joke. You humans have no sense of humor.

Powell lets out a delayed "I get it" laugh. Then, pours both glasses of Scotch. Prot, watches, with uncertainty, sensing Powell has something up his sleeve.

POWELL

I doubt Freud ever tried this. But - when someone's going away, we usually like to send them off with a toast. Scotch okay? Or would you care for something more - fruity?

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED:

126

PROT  
(eyeing him)  
I will try Scotch.

Powell picks up both glasses - leaving the yearbook there on his desk. He comes over, hands Prot a glass. Still unsure, Prot gets up, takes it from him. They stand there.

POWELL  
Well ... here's to a safe trip.

Prot watches Powell drink. Then, after a moment's hesitation, does the same. Letting out a whistle.

POWELL  
To tell you the truth, K-PAX does  
sound like a beautiful place.  
(muses, pours himself a  
little more)  
I'd like to see it some day. Think  
there's a chance?

PROT  
You should see more of your world.

PROT  
Mark...I want to tell you something.  
(beat)  
Something you don't know yet.

Powell waits, eyes riveted on Prot.

PROT  
But we K-PAXians have been around long  
enough to have discovered...

As Powell's look turns unclear...Prot peers into his empty  
Scotch glass, with a solemn fatalism.

PROT  
The Universe will expand, then  
collapse back on itself -- then expand  
again. It will repeat this process  
again and again, forever. What you  
don't know...is that...when the  
Universe expands again, everything  
will be as it was before. Whatever  
mistakes you make this time around,  
you will live through again on the  
next pass.

(a choke in his voice)  
You will live through those mistakes  
again and again, over and over and  
over. Forever.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

PROT (CONT'D)  
(looks up at Powell)  
So, my friend, make sure you never  
make a mistake you will regret  
forever. As a matter of fact, you  
should see more of your own family,  
Mark. Invite your son for Christmas.

Powell, in surprise, swallows some more Scotch, coming around,  
to sit - in his patient's chair.

POWELL  
I just may do that, Prot.

PROT  
You know what I've learned about  
Earth? How much you take it for  
granted. There's enough life on earth  
to fill fifty planets. Plants,  
animals, people, fungi, viruses, all  
jostling to find their place.  
Bouncing off each other. Feeding off  
each other...  
(beat)  
Connected.

POWELL  
You don't have that kind of connection  
on K-PAX?

PROT  
Nobody needs. Nobody wants. Nobody  
on K-PAX misses me -- there would be  
no reason to. But when I leave here,  
I will be missed.  
(beat)  
A strange feeling.

POWELL  
I want to help you, Prot.

PROT  
Thank you, Mark, but I don't need your  
help. I'm going home.

Prot pauses for a moment.

POWELL  
You don't have to leave, Prot. I'm  
sure there must be some way for me to  
help you...  
(off Prot's look)  
...to stay. As one of us.

Prot looks at Powell. Squeezes his knee.

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED: (3)

126

PROT

I'll miss you, Doctor Powell.

\*  
\*

They sit there, looking straight into each other for a beat.

Powell, sensing the moment has come, glances over at the yearbook on his desk. Then back at Prot.

\*

Prot tries to read his expression...

\*

Powell hesitates, just a moment too long...

\*

Prot puts down the Scotch glass, stands up, burps.

\*

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED: (4)

126

PROT (CONT'D)

Oh - I have to finish my report.

(patting his pockets)

And I seem to have lost my pencil.

Powell regards him.

The YEARBOOK sits on the desk...

They stare at each other. There are two ways Powell could go here. But...something inside him makes him...just...take the gold Montblanc pen from his own pocket...and holds it out to Prot.

POWELL

Here, take mine.

Prot takes it, admiring it, grateful.

PROT

A much more efficient writing tool.  
Thank you.

POWELL

Consider it a going away present.

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED: (6)

126

PROT  
Adios, my friend.

Powell watches him walk to the door. He senses the moment has come. It's now or never.

POWELL  
I want to show you something, Prot.

He hastens over to his desk, grabs the manila envelope.

Prot's expression grows more unsure, as Powell opens the envelope, and takes out ... the Guadalupe High School Yearbook 1985.

He shows it to Prot.

CLOSE ON PROT ... he stares at the Yearbook ...

Powell watches Prot, intensely, waiting for a reaction ...

We, too, are waiting for a reaction.

An expression of immense sadness takes hold of Prot ... followed by immediate calm.

PROT  
That is Robert Porter ... my dear Earth friend. You found him. I knew you would. Good work, Doctor Powell.

POWELL  
(earnestly)  
It's you, Prot. You and Robert Porter are the same person.

PROT  
(with a laugh)  
That is patently absurd. I am not even human.

POWELL  
(trying)  
At least admit the possibility.

PROT  
I will admit the possibility. If you will admit the possibility that I am from K-PAX.

Powell has no reply to this.

PROT  
Now, if you'll excuse me. I have a beam of light to catch.

Powell can only watch him walk to the door ...

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED: (7)

126

But, just as Prot is about to walk out, he pauses, looks back at Powell. Leaving him with a wise little smile.

\*  
\*

PROT  
Mark ... now that you've found him.  
Take care of him.

\*  
\*  
\*

And with that he walks out the door.

\*

Powell stands there. A look comes into his eyes, half understanding. He finishes his Scotch ...

\*  
\*

127 INT. WARD 2 - NIGHT

127

The Bon Voyage PARTY is in full swing. Cake frosting rings every patient's mouth, as a rousing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" is sung to Prot.

128 INT. NURSES STATION - SAME

128

Powell stands at the WINDOW, watching the festivities.

As Villers comes up, briefcase in hand, joins him there.

VILLERS  
I'm transferring him to Stonybrook tomorrow. I'm sorry, Mark. There's just no way I could explain this to the state board review. The only reason I didn't do it sooner is - well, look -

She shakes her head at the spectacle.

VILLERS  
- it would have upset the rest of them too much ...

And with that, she just walks away, to the elevator, gets on.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED: (2)

128

MCALLISTER (CONT'D)

Don't worry - he's not going anywhere.  
Now, get some rest.

Powell regards the clock on the wall: 10:56 P.M. He draws a reluctant breath.

\*

POWELL

We've got seven hours, Betty. I'll be  
up in four.

\*

He turns, tired, to the elevator.

129 INT. DAY ROOM - SAME

129

As the SONG finishes with a loud cheer, Howie comes up, and with an air of formality, presents Prot with the ESSAYS. As everyone remains clapping - Sal suddenly rips off his party hat. His face angry, desperate. He shouts:

SAL

I can't stand this!

The room turns instantly quiet. Ernie, Maria, Howie, the others - all put their party whistles down, to look at him.

SAL (CONT'D)

(addressing Prot)

I demand to know. Which one of us is  
going with you.

Prot looks around. Seeing that Sal speaks for all. He smiles, as if he will miss every one of them.

PROT

I will tell you this.

(holding up the essays)

There's extra points for the one who  
goes to sleep first.

There is a mad scramble, as everyone dashes for their rooms. Maria leaves Prot with a tearful embrace.

In a few moments, Howie is the only one left. He walks over, eyeing Prot through his wire-rims. He clears his throat.

HOWIE

You never gave me my last task.  
What's my last task?

Prot tucks the essays away, whispers to Howie, significantly.

PROT

Stay here...and be prepared for anything

\*

CONTINUED



129 CONTINUED:

129

Howie is crestfallen. But as Prot pats him on the shoulder with a nod of implicit trust...something, slowly, comes into Howie's eyes. And he stands a little straighter, a little more important, with a measure of self-worth.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

R130 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

R130

Powell enters. Emotionally and physically exhausted. It is then, he notices -

Rachel, sitting there on his couch. A couple of TAKE-OUT CARTONS in front of her. His surprise is so complete, he doesn't know what to say.

RACHEL  
Chow fun.

At this moment, she is the most beautiful sight he has ever seen.

POWELL  
(realizing)  
From the place on Broadway -- with the ugly lanterns in the window.

She pats the seat next to her. He doesn't resist. She spoon feeds him a bite, and another.

RACHEL  
The waiter always shouted at us.

POWELL  
The fortune cookies never had any fortunes in them.

They share a laugh. Then, Rachel gives him a deep smile, holding up another bite.

RACHEL  
We didn't need any. I knew my fortune that night. He was sitting right across from me.

Their eyes remain on each other. And Powell realizes how much this woman means to him.

POWELL  
I hope he still is.

Rachel puts down the food. Leans forward. Kisses him.

As Powell's eyelids start to close, she gently lies him down, puts a couch pillow under his head ...

131 INT. WARD 2 - PROT'S ROOM - MUCH LATER

131\*

Prot sits straight and quiet, arms folded in his lap, holding his red notebook. His bed is neatly made, the room tidy. He just sits there as if waiting for a plane.

132 INT. POWELL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

132

Powell, asleep, Rachel snuggled up to him. His wristwatch BEEPS.

He wakes up with a start. Waking her up. He tries to squint at his watch. Can't see it. Turns to his desk clock: 5:47 A.M.

POWELL

Shit!

133 INT. WARD 2 - SAME

133

Navarro sits in the hallway, posted outside Prot's door. An oxygen tank and respiration equipment stand with him.

He turns to Simms, posted at the fire escape door, and holds up a twenty dollar bill.

NAVARRO

Twenty says he goes.

At the SECURITY STATION - the guard checks his three MONITORS: Prot, sitting in his room. Hallway, Navarro stationed. Stairwell, empty. He glances up at the CLOCK. As it turns to 5:49 A.M. Then looks over to the nurses station.

SECURITY GUARD

Two minutes. Wonder where Doctor Powell is?

McAllister closes the book she's been reading, getting a little fidgety now. She picks up the phone.

MCALLISTER

I'll buzz him.

134 INT. HOSPITAL - EMPTY HALLWAY - SAME

134

Powell comes skidding around a corner, running as he puts his jacket on. He hits the elevator button.

As he waits, he is drawn to a window. He looks out, up - at the SKY. There is an electricness about it. A lone star twinkles in the dark purple pre-light of dawn.

Powell punches the button again, frantically. Then, just takes the STAIRS.

135 INT. WARD - SAME

135

The security guard eyes the clock: 5:50 A.M.

SECURITY GUARD

One minute.

On one of his MONITORS, Powell appears dashing down the stairwell.

SECURITY GUARD

Here comes Doctor Powell.

PROT, IN HIS ROOM - stands up. Takes his dark glasses off.

NAVARRO, IN THE HALLWAY - looks through Prot's door.

NAVARRO

He's movin'!

MCALLISTER comes out from behind the nurses station, alert.

PROT folds his glasses, sets them on his table. He faces his window ... as the first light of dawn comes through it.

Just as - POWELL bursts onto the WARD, from the stairwell door. He runs, whispering under his breath -

POWELL

Prot!

PROT'S ROOM - the rising SUN sends its first sharp RAY through Prot's window - and into Prot's EYES.

SECURITY STATION - the security guard glances at the clock, as the numbers turn to ... 5:51 A.M.

AND NOW, EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT ONCE

Mrs. Archer runs out of her room -

MRS. ARCHER

Wait for me, you fucker!

She collides with Powell, knocking them both down.

CONTINUED

135 CONTINUED:

135

Navarro turns away from Prot's door, to the commotion.

As Powell lifts Mrs. Archer back up, he looks past her - to see a blinding orange BEAM OF SUNLIGHT shining through the window of Prot's door.

The security guard looks to the MONITOR of Prot's room. Which has now gone to static ...

SECURITY GUARD

What the hell?

POWELL grabs Navarro's KEY RING. Runs for Prot's DOOR.

Blinded by the sunbeam coming through its window, he fumbles for the right key - gets it in the lock - opens the door -

STAY ON POWELL'S FACE - as his eyes search the room - the window - the table - walls - every corner. No trace of Prot.

POWELL

Son of a -

For an instant, a smile of disbelief flashes across Powell's features. Then his eyes lower ...

POWELL

Oh, God.

He kneels down ... to the BODY crumpled underneath the bed in a fetal position. Barely conscious, eyes half open with a dead, vacant look.

POWELL

Oh, God ...

Navarro and McAllister hurry into the room.

NAVARRO

Oh, man ...

136 INT. HALLWAY - IN A FEW MINUTES

136

THE PATIENTS, who have now woken up, gather in the hallway, murmuring curiously - as Prot is carried out of his room, past them, on a gurney. His eyes remain vacant, body rigid.

ERNIE

Who's that?

SAL

Beat's me. How'd he get in here?

MARIA

That's not Prot.

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED:

136

HOWIE  
Definitely not Prot.

Ernie notices the sun streaming through the day room windows.  
He smiles.

ERNIE  
Certainly not. Prot's gone.

Maria looks around, as if sensing someone else is missing.

MARIA  
Where's Bess?

The patients look at each other, then all around.

ERNIE  
Where - where is Bess?

R137 INT. BESS'S ROOM - IN A MOMENT

R137

As the patients all converge in her open doorway, staring ...

A pair of hospital slippers sit neatly by Bess's bed. And her  
HOSPITAL BRACELET, left neatly on her pillow.

SAL  
(devastated)  
He chose Bess.

Mrs. Archer's face trembles with envy.

MRS. ARCHER  
Bitch.

An ebullient smile spreads across Ernie's face.

ERNIE  
He took Bess...

Howie nods. It's true.

HOWIE  
He took Bess.

MARIA  
Good fo' you, homegirl!

Howie makes his way over to the bed. Picks up ... a piece of  
paper from Bess's pillow. On it ... is a crude, simple  
drawing of flames shooting out of a house. And a bluebird,  
flying away from the fire. And the WORDS: "I Have No Home".

HOWIE  
(happily)  
Bess went to K-PAX.

\*  
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\*  
\*

\*

138 INT. HALLWAY - SAME

138

As Navarro and Simms solemnly pull the GURNEY into the  
ELEVATOR. And the elevator doors close ...

POWELL (V.O.)  
Patient two eight seven. Robert  
Porter ...

AND WE DISSOLVE TO

139 INT. POWELL'S STUDY - DAY

139

Powell leans back in his chair, staring at the small recorder  
on his desk.

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED:

139

POWELL (V.O.)

How I wish I could say that Robert sat  
up one fine day and said "I'm  
hungry - got any fruit?"

He looks down at Prot's RED NOTEBOOK, opens it to a title  
page, which reads, in pencil: "Preliminary Observations on  
B-TIK (Earth)."

Then, his eyes take him out his study window - where Rachel,  
Gabby and Natalie are planting a rose bush in the garden.

POWELL (V.O.)

Like most catatonics ... he probably  
hears every word we say, but refuses,  
or is unable to respond. Perhaps with  
patience on our part he will recover,  
in time.

R140 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CACTUS GARDEN - DAY

R140

WIDE SHOT, MOVING IN SLOWLY ...

on ROBERT PORTER, who sits in a WHEELCHAIR, blanket wrapped  
around him, hair rustling in a breeze. Powell, seated on a  
bench, reads a LETTER, aloud, to him ...

POWELL

(having trouble reading  
Howie's handwriting)

I like my new job at the library very  
much ... I like helping people find  
things ... except when they get  
impatient with me.

AS WE COME IN CLOSE NOW ...

Powell looks at Porter, whose gaze remains vacant. He  
continues reading the letter, anyway --

POWELL (CONT'D)

I went and visited Ernie yesterday at  
his Mom's house. Did you know, Doctor  
Powell, that Ernie's taking a test to  
be a crisis counselor?

(laughs at the thought of  
this)

Imagine that.

Porter remains mute.

POWELL

Look, Howie sent a picture.

CONTINUED



R140 CONTINUED:

R140

With a smile, he holds up a PHOTOGRAPH to Porter. Porter's eyes move, slowly, to the smiling picture of Howie and Ernie. But he registers no reaction.

\*  
\*  
\*

Powell takes it back, tries to keep a smile. He goes back to reading the letter --

\*  
\*

POWELL

\*

Say hello to all my friends ... I miss them. And please let me know when Bess comes back because I want to know all about K -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He stops himself. Reflective a moment. Glances at Porter, troubling. Then, just folds up the letter, puts it in his pocket.

\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUED

R140 CONTINUED: (2)

R140

POWELL

That's one thing we need to talk about  
... Bess.

Really worried about Bess.  
We've checked shelters, halfway homes,  
the police have come up empty ... it's  
as if she ... just disappeared.

(looks cannily at Robert)  
July twenty-seventh. You wouldn't  
happen to want to tell me anything  
about that, would you, Robert?

He's searching Porter's expressionless EYES.

POWELL

No?

(with an earnest smile)  
Well, maybe it'll come to you.  
Whenever you're ready. I'll be  
waiting.

He gets up, gives Porter a pat on the shoulders. And takes  
the handles of the wheelchair. Pushing Porter on, along the  
path, through the park.

POWELL

Doctor, patient. Curious human  
distinction ...

141 INT. WARD 2 - DAY

141

WE TAKE IN THE DAY ROOM. As Maria gazes out a window. And  
Russell mumbles to himself, Bible in hand. And Sal and  
Mrs. Archer play a contentious game of fish.

POWELL (V.O.)

By his own calculations, he is due  
again soon.

WE MOVE ON ... into the ART ROOM. Where Navarro, setting a  
new patient down at some watercolors, pauses, respectfully -  
to look at PROT'S GLASSES, which rest on a pedestal, like a  
shrine, facing the window.

POWELL (CONT'D; V.O.)

The patients in Ward Two have no  
doubts whatsoever, nor some of the  
staff ...

AND WE LOOK OUT THROUGH THOSE DARK GLASSES ... into the  
dancing sunlight ...

POWELL (V.O.)

As for me ... well ... maybe Prot left  
me Robert Porter.

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED:

141

The SUNGLASS LENSES NOW FILLING THE SCREEN ... and the  
pinpoints of sunlight playing like a thousand twinkling  
stars...

POWELL (V.O.)  
And a couple of other tasks.

R141 (ALT) INT. WARD 2 - ART ROOM - DAY

R141

Powell walks, slowly ... toward PROT'S SUNGLASSES, which rest  
on a pedestal, like a shrine, with a "Do Not Disturb, Be Back  
Soon" sign. They face the window.

\*  
\*  
\*

Powell stares at them for a long beat.

\*

Then, looking around, seeing no one else is there, he bends  
down ... to LOOK THROUGH THEM ...

\*  
\*

And as he does, WE SEE THROUGH THEM ... into the dancing  
sunlight ... the SUNGLASS LENSES NOW FILLING THE SCREEN ...  
and the pinpoints of sunlight playing like a thousand  
twinkling stars ...

\*  
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\*

A142 INT. GRAND STATION

A142

AND WE ARE BACK with the OUT-OF-FOCUS CROWDS of Grand Central  
Station ... the FIGURES resolve into PEOPLE, rushing here and  
there ...

CONTINUED

A142 CONTINUED:

A142

And now CLOSE ON POWELL, standing with his briefcase,  
searching for someone in the crowds ...

We hear Prot, O.S.

PROT (V.O.)

Mark ... we KPAXians have been around  
long enough to have discovered a  
little something about the origins of  
the Universe that you don't know yet.  
But, I'll tell you.

Powell moves his eyes over the nameless faces, more intently,  
searching ...

PROT (V.O.; CONTINUING)

The Universe will expand, then  
collapse back on itself -- then expand  
again. It will repeat this process  
again and again, forever. What you  
don't know ... is that ... when the  
Universe expands again, everything  
will be as it was before. Whatever  
mistakes you make this time around,  
you will live through again. Over and  
over, forever.

A smile seizes Powell, as he's found who he's searching for ...

PROT (V.O.; CONTINUING)

So, my advice to you is to get it  
right this time around. Because ...  
this time ... is all you have.

And WE SEE MICHAEL. Coming out of a gate, duffle bag over his  
shoulder. Pierced eyebrow. He looks around, unsurely. Until  
he spies his father. He smiles, tentative.

They approach each other, through the CROWDS. Stand there,  
facing each other. Powell initiates a hug, halting at first,  
then warm, gripping his son around the shoulders.

And as the CAMERA PULLS BACK ... they walk off together,  
through a SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT streaming down from one of the  
high, station windows ... and on ... to the Metro North  
gates ...

142 OMITTED

142\*

FADE OUT:

THE END